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RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

There have been a many days
Since the sun withdrew his gaze—
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
Since the windows of the heaven
Oped to pour their plenteous showers
On this drowning earth of ours—
Will they ever close again?
Oh, the rain!

Faithless friend, with anxious eyes,
Glancing upward at the skies,
Do not murmur at the rain—
Do not curse the stubborn vane—
Do not call new tempests down
By the blackness of your frown—
Take it "as they do in Spain"—
Let it rain!

Hark! the glad trees nod and talk
All along the gurgling walk,
And the young leaves bend again
To the light feet of the rain—
Fresh young leaves, which have outgrown
Since the last bright morning shone—
Free from dust, or wounds, or stain—
Born of rain.

Purple pansies look in vain
For the loving sun again,
And in dim and drowned surprise,
Shut once more their tearful eyes;
And the snowballs strewed around,
Whiten all the soaking ground:
And the rifled boughs complain
Of the rain.

Heavy-hearted peonies,
Dark with crimson-purple dyes,
Humbled by some hidden blame,
Hang their heads in blushing shame;
And syringas, pure and fair,
Burden all the odorous air,
Till the sense grows faint again
In the rain.

And the pink, whose generous heart
With its fragrance bursts apart,
Droops its fringed lids again
With a sigh of perfumed pain;
While the lilies, fair and tall,
Lean their bells against the wall,
Heaped until they break in twain,
With the rain.

Water-spirits, all the day,
Sporting in the misty gray,—
Showers of rain-pearls through the air,
Scattering from your dripping hair,—
Fling the flashing gems about,
Coax the bashful rose-buds out,
Fill the butter-cups again—
Let it rain!

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.

"Wish me happiness, my brother!" said Theophile, springing up from his chair, and advancing towards me with outstretched hands.

It was in my mother's breakfast parlor. She was sitting near the window, with her hands lying folded together on her lap, and some pens and paper spread upon the little work-table beside her. She turned her face slowly towards me as I entered. There was a faint flush on her cheeks. She looked agitated, but happy.

"Yes, Paul," she said, with a voice slightly tremulous. "To-day you must rejoice with us. Your brother is engaged to Adrienne."

So, then, it was over! I felt myself turn pale; but I was very calm.

"I have expected this, madame," I said. "It does not surprise me."

"Indeed! Well, it is not surprising. They are so suited to each other in every respect." And my mother looked up admiringly in my brother's face. "It is a most happy event!" she added, with a sigh.

"A most happy event, madame," I echoed.

"And so advantageous with regard to property. Adrienne is rich."

"A clear rent-roll of three hundred thousand francs per annum!" interrupted Theophile, joyously. "We shall be very rich. I mean to buy the Hanteville estate for our country residence. It is just announced for sale. Did you hear of it?"

I shook my head. I could not trust my voice to speak.

"Yes, it is announced at last; for two hundred and fifty thousand francs! It is a high price; but I am determined to have it; for it was formerly one of the possessions of our family. Besides, we shall, of course, live a great deal in Paris; and we can come down here every summer *en retraite*. Will it not be charming?"

"Charming, indeed!"

Strange! the harsh, level tones of my voice, so cold, so mechanical, seemed scarcely to proceed from my own lips; but sounded to my ear as if they were uttered near me by some other speaker.

"It is really remarkable that the Hanteville property should be vacant so opportunely. Nothing could have happened better. And when we come down, to be so close to you! Why it will be almost the same as living at home! We can have a path laid down through the shrubbery, and a gate of communication, and so run from one house to the other in a few moments."

"And I shall see you for many weeks in every year," said my mother, with the tears standing in her eyes.

"Weeks! say months, my dear mother," said Theophile, kissing her hand. "I have so many plans—so many improvements in my head; and I shall superintend all the alterations myself. There is a moat there which I mean to have filled up; timber to be felled; conservatories and outhouses to build; stables to repair. Oh! it will need an army of workmen; and I must come down to see that everything is carried out as I wish. I shall be here for a long time in the autumn. Besides, Adrienne is so fond of Burgundy!"

Plans—improvements—alterations! Alas, gentle lady! had I been thy choice, methinks there would have been less thought of thy wealth, and more, far more of thee!

I fancy that even my mother, with all her love for Theophile, and all her native coldness of disposition, felt this; for she turned the conversation.

"Adrienne is a charming demoiselle," she said. "I like the English system of education; it is so solid. She is not only accomplished, but amiable, polished, and thoroughly well-read."

"And so beautiful, mother! How she will be admired in Paris! We must take a mansion in the Chaussee d'Antin, and she shall have a fixed reception-evening in each week."

"Theophile is very happy, is he not?" said my mother, appealing directly to me for a reply. "It would have been impossible for him to have made a more eligible connexion!"

"Impossible, madame," I said, huskily.

"Your brother now receives from me an income of one hundred thousand francs yearly; but it is my intention, henceforth, to double that sum. They must not be too unequally matched in point of fortune. However, at my death, Theophile's property will be as large as that of his wife. But this is not to the purpose. We wished to ask you, Paul, if you would object to receive them here on their return from the wedding tour? The Hanteville domain cannot be got ready for them in time; but they might take the whole of the right wing without inconvenience to any of us; for you, although master here, occupy only a suite of three rooms."

"Be it so, madame," I replied, absently.

"Thank you. I will take care that none of our arrangements shall disturb you. The marriage, of course, must take place here. We ought to give a ball and fete upon the occasion."

Certainly!" cried Theophile. "That is, if Paul permits it. There are many whom I should wish to ask from Paris, besides all the neighbors here. And we must have sports for the peasantry, and—"

"And Adrienne must be asked if she would not like to invite some English friends," interrupted my mother.

"Theophile!" said a voice from the garden. "Theophile!"

I started. My icy self-possession, hitherto so eternally preserved, threatened to give way at the sound of that sweet voice which called so familiarly upon his name. In one instant the full sense of my desolation rushed upon me. In that single word, revealing so much of love and home, I seemed to see at the extent of happiness which I had lost!

Theophile sprang to the window.

"I will bring her here," he cried, as he stepped out upon the terrace and ran to meet her.

I turned towards the door. I could not stay to see them return together.

"Madame," I said, articulating the words hoarsely and with difficulty. "Madame, this house, and all that it contains, is at your disposal, and—and at my brother's. Make any arrangements that you think proper; but do not—do not take the trouble to consult me!"

There must have been a strange unusual something in my tone, or in the expression of my countenance, for my mother turned, suddenly, looked at me, and half rose from her chair.

"Mon Dieu!" she said, hurriedly. "What is the matter?"

My hand was on the lock—I trembled in every limb—I heard their voices approaching—nay! I heard the very rustle of Adrienne's dress upon the terrace!

"Nothing, madame," I said, and closed the door.

Scarcely master of myself, I ran along the corridor and across the hall. My favorite hound, who had been lying near the door of the library, came bounding towards me; but I spurned him with my foot and passed on. In the library I paused and looked around with a kind of angry despair.

"Alas, ye books!" I cried. "Of what use are ye? Poets, philosophers, historians, what do you teach us? Can you give us peace or wisdom? Be ye accursed! Man in his savage state alone is happy!"

The curtain that led to the painting-room was drawn aside. Pacing up and down, backwards and forwards; raging in my strong passion, like a caged panther, I went in.

These scenes of my former occupation seemed hateful to me. What was art, or science, or literature, to me, now or henceforward?—Tricks, phantasms, accursed phantasms, all!

A cast of the Medicean Venus stood in my path! I dashed it down with one blow of my hand, and trampled the smiling features into dust and fragments. The last work of my hands—the unfinished interior—stood yonder on the easel. I advanced towards it, and extended a destructive hand—then I paused—stood still—dropped upon a seat before it, and covering my face with my hands, burst into an agony of tears. Adrienne's portrait! Adrienne's portrait, painted there by me a few short days ago, and now smiling towards me from the canvas! Oh, fair cousin, how dearly this heart loved thee!

I know not what burning visions, what desolate retrospections, what wild plans for the dim future passed through my mind as I sat there with my head bent down upon the easel, and my whole being convulsed by strong, deep sobs. I know not how long I even remained there; for I took no heed of time, or of the broad day beyond. I had arrived at one of those terrible epochs of man's existence, when the highway of life threads that solemn valley of the shadow of death—when to look back is misery; to look forward, despair—when the storm-clouds gather overhead, and thick darkness lies everywhere around; and the wayfarer pauses, trembling, and awaits his destiny. He is bewildered, reckless, helpless against others, helpless against himself and his own impulses. Evil from without, evil from within, combine to torture him. A word may destroy, a word may save him! Alas for him if, in that hour, there be none at hand to guide, to console, to pray for him!

My tears had ceased to flow—a struggling sob broke now and then from my lips—my head was still buried in my hands. Within, all was black misery. Without, the day bent towards the west, and the shadows lengthened in the level sunlight.

Hush!

The outer door was cautiously opened, and, after the lapse of a few moments, closed as cautiously. I heard it; but as one might hear through sleep, without receiving any impression from the sound. Light footsteps crossed the library—paused at the second door—approached nearer and nearer; and still I heard without heeding. Then there was the rustling of silken garments at my side, and a hand was laid upon mine—a cold, slender hand, whose touch roused me in a moment, like an electric shock.

I sprang to my feet, grew hot and cold alternately, tried to speak, but could not. My mother looked marble pale. Her eyes wandered from my face to the picture, and back again to me, with a mute, mournful expression of tenderness and pity, such as I had never seen in that gaze before. There was no surprise in her countenance—no pride, no coldness, no austerity; but grief—grief only. For some minutes we stood thus, face to face, with the picture between us; both silent.

"Paul," she said, at length, very softly and sadly, "why didst thou conceal this?"

My lips moved again, but uttered no sound.

She took my vacant seat, and pointed to a stool beside her.

"Come," she said, "come, Paul, confide in me!"

My senses seemed bound up in ice, though my heart beat wildly. I neither spoke nor stirred.

"Speak to me, my son! Speak to me!—Thou sufferest. May I not weep with thee?"

She extended her arms to me—her words, her look, her tone, went to my heart.

"Oh, my mother," I cried, wildly, falling upon my knees before her, and hiding my face in her lap, "I love her! I love her!"

She folded her arms around me—she pressed her lips to my forehead, my burning head to her gentle bosom—she mingled her tears with mine—she breathed words of pity and consolation in my ears—she passed her hands over my hair, and called me her son—her dear son!

Yes, in that dark and bitter moment, I rested for the first time—oh, God! *for the first time!*—upon my mother's heart; received the first outpourings of my mother's love! Thanks be to Heaven, she saved me—I dare not think from what!

Let me not reveal the particulars of that first confidence. It is to me a sweet, almost a sacred thing! Sufficient if I say that the day declined lower and lower in the west; that the shadows widened and lengthened, and gradually overspread all the landscape; and that I still sat at my mother's feet, with her hands clasped in both mine, and her eyes looking down upon me with that light in them for which, as a child, I would have gladly died. At last I rose and looked out upon the gathering gloom of evening. The thought which had been lying silently at my heart for many hours must, sooner or later, be uttered,

"It is getting dark," I said, looking earnestly at her. "It is getting dark, my mother. I must go now."

She turned a shade paler, and her lips trembled. She understood me.

"You are right, my son," she said. "But will you go to-night?"

I made a mute gesture of assent. It was enough. She went into the library, rang for refreshments, and desired the attendance of a servant.

"Where wilt thou go?" she said, after a brief absence, during which she and Jeanne had prepared my valise. "In what direction?"

"I know not—care not."

"Thou wilt write to me? Good. What money hast thou?"

I opened my desk. It contained about thirty Napoleons, and some notes to the value of eight hundred francs. These I placed in my pocket-book, saying that they were enough.—My mother shook her head, and laid her own purse upon the table before me.

"Take this," she said. It contains a thousand francs. Nay! refuse a gift from thy mother! Take it—I entreat! It is well. Now, go, my son, for it will soon be night. Heaven preserve and bless thee!"

We went round together to a door at the back, opening on a dark lane. Two horses and a groom were waiting. Not another soul was near, and all the house was silent. There we parted—there I received one more embrace—one last farewell word—and then I rode away into the gloom: into the unknown Future.

After galloping some distance, I reined in my horse and looked back. But it was too late. All was dark; the limes stood up between; I could not even trace the outline of my old turreted home. The veil had fallen between her life and mine. The first Act of the Drama was played out, and ended!

I put spurs to the horse—I flew madly forward, with the groom clattering at my heels. The eighteen miles were soon past; we reached the Chalons station; I flung the reins to Pierre; seized my valise, and, without even giving the faithful fellow a farewell glance, ran up the steps, and stopped before the bureau.

"When does the next train go?"

"Directly, Monsieur."

I threw a note on the counter.

"Where to, Monsieur?"

"As far as it will take me."

The man passed me the change and the ticket; the bell rang; the engine came panting up, with its black train; I ran forward, leaped into the first carriage, and in another moment was moving on.

"Pray, Monsieur," I said, turning to my nearest neighbor, "how far does this train go to-night?"

"To Strasburg."

CHAPTER VI.

STRASBURG.

A long, drear night of perpetual travelling, broken by snatches of feverish sleep, which seemed scarcely sleep, but rather the distressful wanderings of a mind restless and overwearied. The oil-lamp flickered vaguely overhead, and cast an uncertain glimmer upon the forms and faces of my fellow-passengers, all of whom were profoundly sleeping. Without were clouds and moonlight, and an ever-shifting panorama of the alternating flats, forests, vineyards and steep mountains of South France; all gliding silently by, and looking ghostly in the moonshine. Every now and then there came a steep cutting, or a long, black tunnel. Sometimes a sudden blaze of gas; a stop; a hurrying past of quick feet; a confusion of loud voices; passengers getting in and out; and the entrance of a guard, with imperative voice and blazing lanterns, marked our arrival and brief pause at some station by the way. Then came the shrill whistle, and we flew on again; trees, mountains, villages, flitted past us as before, and ever the low, continuous bass of our rushing progress sounding along the iron roadway.

Oh! a weary, weary night! chequered by fantastic dreams and waking up the miserable realities—by heart-sickness—by sullen melancholy!

About three hours after midnight I fell into a dull, heavy sleep. It was gray morning when I awoke. So profound had been my slumber that I started: stared round at the sleepers; could remember nothing for some moments. My head ached; my lips were parched; my eyes were burning hot, and swollen from the tears of yesterday. Worse than all, an oppressive sense of misfortune seemed to weigh upon my chest; though what that misfortune was I could not at first remember. Alas! are there any who have never so suffered, slept, forgotten?

One by one my companions awoke also. Three of them were Germans, and they kept talking inaudibly among themselves. I fancied that I was an object of remark, and I shrank back in a corner and feigned to sleep. Grief makes us suspicious.

"How far are we from Strasburg?" asked some one near me.

"Look out," was the reply, "and you will see the cathedral spire."

In a few moments the guard came to collect our tickets, and before half an hour we had reached the end of our journey.

"Hotel de Metz, Monsieur?" said a dark man, who wore a badge suspended round his neck. "Hotel de Metz—quite near—good breakfasts—table-d'hote at five—will Monsieur permit me to conduct him?"

I was worn out, mentally and physically, so I followed him to a large, white hotel near the station, and breakfasted alone at a little table in a window overlooking the street. I was weary of the noisy life and bustle of this frontier town, and longed to escape from it to some green, peaceful place farther away—farther away!

The surging crowd went rolling on, in spite of the rain, ever moving, ever changing—the swell and hum of voices ascended from beneath—a brass band stationed itself before the house—some German university students, with spurs on their heels, and little crimson cloth caps on their heads, came clattering into the room, calling loudly for "beer and cigars!" and were followed by three or four others wearing tricolored caps, orange, white, and blue. Their frank, jovial voices, their peals of laughter, so full of young life and enjoyment, jarred painfully upon my present mood. I drew back into the curtained embrasure of the window, and debated with myself whither I should go next. To Switzerland, by way of Basle; or to Germany, by the Rhine? In my then wearied state of indifference, it mattered little which. An accident decided me.

"Let us dine together, boys!" said one of the noisiest among the students, striking his companion on the shoulder. "Let us all dine here, or at the Rothes Haus, and then go to the theatre. There's to be a new play to-night!"

"I cannot," said one of the crimson caps, moodily, "I must go back this afternoon to the old mill."

"To Heidelberg?"

The student nodded.

"Confoundedly dull place, that Heidelburg, is it not?"

"Oh, confoundedly! Nothing going on from one year's end to another."

"No amusements? No theatres? No gaming-rooms?"

"Nothing of the sort. It's so terribly out of the way, you know, that none but honeymoon-tourists and young ladies with sketch-books and camp-stools come near the place. The only fun we ever have is boating, boating, and duelling."

"Abominable!" "Intolerable!" chimed the rest, to the friendly music of the clinking glasses.

Heidelberg!

Why not to Heidelberg, oh, Paul Latour! To that ancient abode of learning in the Neckar valley—to that low, ruined fortress on the "shores of old Romance," whence the tide of life hath long since retreated into the great ocean which is eternal?

So to Heidelberg I went.

Shall I describe the Castle of Heidelberg, that red, old ruin, standing midway up a fir-wooded mountain, which is chapel, fortress, and palace in one? Alas, no! It has been done too well and too often. For such word-painting, oh, reader, turn thee to the pages of that prose-poem which ascends from the shores of the New World like a steam of golden incense offered up to the glories of the Old. Those pages will tell unto thee, in such lordly language as befits the theme, of the triumphal gateway with its leaf-carved pillars, which was erected in one night by command of the Elector Frederick V., that his English bride might pass through it on the morrow, and which is still called, in remembrance of her, the Elizabethan Pforte, or Elizabeth's Portal—of the second gate, where the iron teeth of the portcullis yet threaten overhead—of the silver shield that was stolen from its place above the entrance by the French besiegers—of the two grotesque gigantic stone figures which stand, in the guise of armed warders, on either side—of the glorious facades of the Friedrichsbau and the Italian Rittersaal of Otto Henry, with their statues of knights and heroes, their cornices, entablatures, and rich mouldings, and blank open windows where the blue sky shines through—of the blasted tower and its leafy linden-trees waving on the top—of the canopied well of royal Charlemagne—of the tower of the library—of the deserted chapel with its blue marble altar and the paintings spared by the destroying lightning yet suspended, all faded and blackened, above the different shrines—of the armory, and the clock tower, and the great tun, and of all the beauty and romance of that rare old building which is, "next to the Alhambra of Grenada, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages."

All these did I see, and more beside; for I wandered in and out the ruins and the garden walks as I listed; thinking of many things. For the place was to me something more than a mere sight—than a fine ruin. It was a history—a poem—a prayer.

But oh! the first sight of that view from the garden wall—the town beneath, with its slate-roofed university, its church-spires and its bridge—the shallow turbid Neckar eddying through the arches—the broad, level Rhine-valley, with its vineyards, and corn-fields, and flashes of the river here and there—the dark green Odenwald; and the dim distant Hartz mountains fading on the horizon, with the spire of Strasburgh Minster showing up midway upon the plain! The immensity of the circuit bewildered and oppressed me, and I gazed so long and so earnestly that the bright sunlight dazzled me, and the near and the far were confounded together upon my sight.

"A fine prospect, sir," said a pleasant voice close beside me.

I turned. A tall, fair young man, with an open book in his hand, and a long German pipe at his lips, was standing at my elbow, with his arms resting upon the parapet. An almost indefinable something in his accent, in the fashion of his dress, in the free falling curls of his light brown hair, and the frank cheerfulness of his address, told me at once that he was a foreigner. I glanced rapidly at the open book: it was Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution."

"Indeed, a most divine prospect," I replied, in English. "One that might drive a painter to despair."

The young man colored.

"I suppose," he said, after a moment's hesitation, "that my countrymen never are to succeed in concealing their identity. During the two years that I have been here, I have studied the peculiarities of the language very earnestly; but I have not yet mastered what may be called its nationality. How did you know me to be an Englishman?"

I pointed to the volume in his hand.

"Your accent told me something," said I, smiling, "and your book confirmed my suppositions. What do you think of Carlyle?"

"Oh, he is magnificent!" exclaimed the Englishman, with some warmth. "A most original genius, and a very Titan in literature. He wields words like mountains, and hurls them, not at Heaven, but at 'idols' and 'mud-gods.'"

"His style is very eccentric."

"Granted; but is it not vivid, earnest, passionate? Does he not carry your sympathies forcibly along with him?"

"That is true; especially with regard to his history. It lacks, perhaps, the majesty of Gibbon, and the lofty grandeur of Macaulay; but it is history with a heart in it."

"And then, notwithstanding the severity of his principles, and his hatred of 'shams,' what a deep well of love and pity, and even of humor, lies buried down in the depths of his nature! Besides, what force and power in his language! It is as if his thoughts were cast in bronze!"

"I perceive, sir," I said, with more cordiality than was usual to me when conversing with strangers, "that you are an enthusiast for books; but here is an epic that passes the art of the poet—a history more impressive than any which can be related by man. Surely there can be no second place on earth so beautiful as this!"

"If there be, I have not seen it," said the Englishman, "and I have travelled much.—Dear old Heidelberg!" he continued, facing round to the castle, and leaning against the wall with his back towards the landscape; "dear old Heidelberg! I know every nook and cranny and owl's nest in its crumbling walls! Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent here, reading my favorite books under the trees in the garden; dreaming my favorite dreams in unfrequented corners of the ruins; talking German metaphysics with my university friends, beside that little fountain bubbling up yonder in the sunlight. I believe that, with the one exception of the tun-keeper's, those silvered globe-mirrors in the court-yard have reflected no face so often as mine for the last two years. I have rooms down in the town; but I am scarcely ever there, unless at night. I almost live up here; and a fine day, a quiet nook in the ruins, my pipe, and a book, are all that I require to be perfectly happy. You can't think how I love the place, or in what curious fancies and comparisons I delight to indulge respecting it.—Standing up thus, so lordly and so battle-worn, and enclosing within its shattered walls these flower beds and that fairy fountain, it often reminds me of some old disabled warrior with his grandchildren smiling on his knee. But night is the time for Heidelberg! Have you been up yet by moonlight?"

I said that I had only arrived at a late hour the evening before.

"Then I envy you the sensations of that first view by moonlight. You have not yet an idea of the beauty and poetry of the spot. The moon rises to-night about ten o'clock—come to my rooms, and I will accompany you. I know all the best points of view, and I shall be delighted to witness your enjoyment."

"A thousand thanks! but had you not better call for me? I am staying at the Hotel Adler, half-way up the hill. We can sup together before we start."

We were friends already; and the conversation thus begun lasted for more than two hours. We talked of paintings, and of our favorite books; of Goethe, and Jean Paul, and of Uhland—of philosophy—of history—of the German and French character, and of many more things than I can now remember. Our tastes seemed to agree in most respects; or, when they differed, differed just sufficiently to lend an interest to discussion. Averse as I generally am to strangers, I was pleased with this young Englishman from the very first.—His smile, his glance, the cheerful tones of his voice, impressed me favorably. He had read much, and his reading had been well chosen. That he was a good German, French and Italian scholar I had already discovered; and the enthusiasm with which he spoke of places and of authors, showed me that he possessed a warm imagination and an almost boyish enjoyment of beauty and talent. In a word, he seemed to be good-natured, unaffected, and a gentleman. It was almost noon when we parted, renewing our engagement for the evening. My new acquaintance walked with me to the door of my hotel, and as we passed the restaurateur's in the castle-gardens, we saw a party of English dining in the open air; one of whom exclaimed as we went by—

"Capital place, this Heidelberg! Magnificent old ruin! and the very best beer I have tasted since I left home!"

CHAPTER VII.

NORMAN SEABROOK.

I know not whether it was the heart-suffering through which I had passed, that made me more susceptible to every kindly influence, but I have often been surprised when I recall how quickly that friendship was formed between Norman Seabrook and myself—that cordial and manly friendship which has ever since been one of the greatest joys and consolations of my life!

He had so true and just a feeling for poetry and art—he was so generous, so high-spirited, so warm of heart, so earnest of soul, that it would have needed a nature far colder and more ungrateful than mine to reject the golden gift.

Not that Norman Seabrook was faultless, and a hero! Alas! no—our age, reader, bringeth forth no heroes. He was simply a young man with a good heart, a liberal education, and a somewhat indolent and luxurious disposition. I never knew any one with so great a

capacity for enjoyment. The sight of a pretty child, of a good picture, sculpture, or engraving, the far sounds of music, the summer sky and the landscapes around Heidelberg, used to afford him the keenest sense of delight. He would dwell upon a passage from some favorite author with a gusto that I used positively to envy: tracking the idea through every possible gradation of meaning; discovering little hidden beauties of accentuation and phrasing; and seeming actually to taste the inner sweetness of every deep and lovely thought. It was the same with paintings—the same with music—the same with riding, boating or walking.—He enjoyed every occupation to the uttermost, and with the careless glee of a schoolboy. He seemed to drink in contentment with the very air, and I do not know that there was any one thing in which he took a greater pleasure than lying upon his back in the deep grass on the river banks, with a pipe in his mouth and a paper of chocolate *bonbons* in his pocket, looking up to the sky and the clouds, and suffering his imagination to stray unheeded through all the wild, untrodden ways of thought.

"There are times," he used sometimes to say, "when the heart is more than usually open to impressions of beauty—when the form of a tree, the rustle of a leaf, the piping of a solitary bird, are sufficient to fill us with a vague and subtle feeling of delight which is more than half sadness, and for which no expression can be found in language. At such moments how beautiful is the world—how divine is life! What poetry is it only to feel the warm sun; to breathe the pleasant air; to lie in the quivering shadows of the trees, or the cool angle of some gray ruined wall, and to look up to the blue sky overhead, with that unspoken longing of soul after the Infinite and the Far, which our human nature loves to recognise as the stamp of its own strange immortality!"

In all this there was something of the dreamy mental self-indulgence peculiar to German theorists, and to that school of poetical philosophy which possesses so irresistible a fascination for those young men whose imaginations are warm, and whose experience of the realities of life has been but limited. Norman Seabrook would perhaps have been a nobler and more useful member of society had his intellectual training been less of the Sybarite than the Spartan—had Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, been studied rather than Fichte, Swedenborg, and Shubert. He would have learned to seek after difficulties, that he might overcome them. As it was, he only searched for beauty, that he might worship it. He shrank instinctively from all that was harsh and unprepossessing; he attached himself, as unconsciously, to everything that was agreeable. No one could say a kind word, or perform a gracious action more pleasantly than he; but, I must confess, that where a distasteful duty had to be accomplished, he would delay, neglect, and even avoid it, if he could. It was the weak point of his character—an amiable weakness, if you will, and one that was adorned by a thousand good and graceful qualities. It is often well for a man when he is either poor or proud, for the desire either of opulence or fame urges him on to play his part as a laborer in that field wherein it has been truly said, that "to work is to worship." Unfortunately for Seabrook, he loved knowledge better than fame, and he owned a small independence which just sufficed, with economy, for the requirements of a bachelor.

"I love books," he said, "and I have wherewithal to purchase such as I love best. I am fond of travel and of continental life, and I contrive to enjoy it. When I cannot afford to rent rooms on the first story, I am content with the attic; if my purse be too low for the first class in the railway, I do not object to the second or the third. When I am too poor for either, I take my knapsack on my shoulders, my book in my hand, and walk. After all, this is the best travelling. You get a lift by the way from some peasants going to a fair or a wedding: you gather some grapes from the vineyard or some cherries from the roadside, to eat with the loaf in your pocket at noon; you go by the river banks, and along the green meadows, and at the foot of steep precipices, which the fashionable travellers on the high road never dream of investigating; and at night you arrive at some little hamlet, with bells ringing and cows being driven out to the pasture after milking, where you sup at the rustic inn, and listen to the legends of the Rhine and the Black Forest, as they are told by mine host, over the pipe and the ale-jug, when the dusk gathers round, and the neighbors come dropping in on their way home from the harvest-fields."

Such was my new friend—a dreamer among men—a loiterer by the wayside on the great road of life and endeavor. In my lonely and meditative condition of mind, I attached myself to him with my whole soul, and his very faults were almost as virtues in my eyes. Disappointment had worked some evil already upon me; and, placing myself but little value upon ambition, how could I blame his indolence, and his carelessness of its advantages!

We met daily—we walked together—we read each other's favorite books, and studied side by side in the University library. We always supped and spent the evening together, either at my rooms or his; and sometimes we wandered up to the Castle, or crossed the river to laugh away an hour or two among the students who frequent the Hirschgasse—a little, solitary white inn, about half a mile out of Heidelberg, where as many as four and five duels take place daily among these riotous children of philosophy. We also spent long afternoons upon the Neckar, taking it in turn to row, while one read aloud from the pages of some old poet or historian, till the pleasant dusk came gently over all, and the last brightness faded from the lofty tower of the Konigstuhl. Then we would look upwards to the pale moon; and, resting awhile upon our oars, hear only the falling drops that splashed back from them into the river—the surging of the stream against the banks on either side—the melancholy cry of the heron among the reeds—or the lowing herds at the homesteads in the valley.

Oh, those calm, delicious evenings of warm June, when the stars came glowing through the tranquil depths of sky, and the sun went slowly down behind the mountains in the purple distance, like a monarch to his grave, clad in scarlet and gold!

It was on the morning following some such evening ramble, that I lay at the foot of a clump of trees bordering the footpath called the Philosopher's Walk, about half way up the hill fronting the town. In my hand I carried a volume of Lamartine's "Meditations Poetiques;" the sultry air hung heavily upon the sense; scarce a blade of grass waved—scarce a leaf stirred—scarce a bee hummed near me.—All was silent above, below, around. The faint murmur from the town came drowsily and at intervals. The very river lay sluggishly along the landscape, as if torpid beneath the sun. Gradually I fell into a dream, a waking dream, wherein the dim land of the past was wafted before me, and the poets of old days walked by in their singing-robes, serenely glorious. Suddenly a rapid step came along the path, a free, firm, careless step that I well knew, and my English friend, with his dog at his heels, had bounded almost past me before he was aware of my presence.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, laughing, as he stopped short, and flung himself down beside me on the grass. "Found at last! Why, man, I have been looking for you in the ruins, and down by the river, and in the library, and had just given you up, when it struck me that you might possibly have strolled in this direction. See! I called for you at the 'Adler,' and finding these new arrivals upon your table, I put them in my pocket, that you might have the pleasure of reading them the sooner."

And he flung a couple of letters down before me.

This one, so slenderly and accurately directed, was evidently from my mother—that, with its rough, dashing superscription all blotted and defaced, I recognized for the handwriting of Theophile.

Alas! the dream-threads were broken, and at the sight of those letters the chill remembrances of love, and home, and exile, and disappointment came back upon me, and broke the brief reverie into which I had fallen. I took the letters up, laid them down, took them up again, turned pale and red by turns, and remained quite silent.

"Are they from your family in Burgundy?" asked my friend.

I nodded.

"But won't you read them? Pray don't let me be an interruption!"

I dreaded to open them; and yet how strange it would seem were I not to do so! My mother's—no! I could not read that one yet! I placed it reverently in my pocket-book, and broke the seal of Theophile's letter. As I did so, a vague shuddering dread ran through me, and the paper fluttered in my fingers.

"Read it to me, *mon ami!*" I said, hoarsely, turning away, and holding out the letter towards him. "Read it to me—I am not well to-day."

He glanced at me, took it without a word, and read it aloud.

"By the time that my dear Paul receives this letter, his brother will be the happiest of men and of husbands. Yes, *mon frere*, the contract is to be signed this evening by my dearest Adrienne and myself, and to morrow at mid-day the ceremony which unites our lives forever will take place. Everything will be conducted as quietly as possible. We shall have no fete, except for the peasantry; and no company, excepting that of Adrienne's maternal uncle from England—the brother to her late guardian. I am very sorry that you will not be here to share our happiness. I would have written to you before this, to acquaint you with our wedding arrangements, had not our mother prevented me from time to time. It is a great pity that you should have fancied to travel just at this time; but you were always a contrary fellow, and unlike the rest of the world, *mon cher*, so we can but lament your sins of omission. To tell you the truth, I fear lest Adrienne should imagine that you are not favorable to our marriage, or that you do not like her, and have gone away for the purpose. Seriously, it has that appearance, and I am sorry for it; although I know it cannot be actually the case. I have purchased the Hauteville property. The price was high, and the house, I regret to say, is almost a ruin; but the repairs will be commenced in a few days. There is a kiosque in the park, which I mean to convert into a smoking-room. I have given my Andalusian mare to Adrienne, and bought a new bay riding-horse for my own use. Adrienne looks charming on horseback—quite an Amazon. Besides, the mare had not fire enough in her to suit me. Our mother is looking well, and these matrimonial preparations keep her constantly employed. That good heart! it would have been almost worth while to have married, had it been only for the sake of seeing her so proud and happy. I wish you could be here to morrow for the ceremony—but I know that you are too firmly wedded to your old book-worm habits to care anything for love or marriage. Will you ever fall in love yourself, *mon cher?* The very question, as applied to you, seems an absurdity. Unless, indeed, some fair Olimpia Morata were now living in Heidelberg for your sake! Adieu, my dear Paul. Take care of yourself, and let us see you at home again when we return from our wedding tour.

"Your attached brother,

"THEOPHILE LATOUR."

"A letter filled with good news!" exclaimed Seabrook, gayly, as he concluded my brother's epistle. "Come, you must describe this fair bride to me—is she beautiful?"

"Most beautiful!"

"Amiable?"

"As an angel."

"And rich?"

I nodded.

"But this is not half a word-painting. What hair has she? What eyes? Is she tall or short? brunette or blonde? gay, grave, lively, or severe? Now manifest your artist skill, Latour, in enumerating me so glowing a catalogue of your sister-in-law's charms, that, as the knightly troubadour, Geoffrey de Rudel, of the fair Countess of Tripoli, I may become enamoured of her beauty, even without having once beheld it!"

His unconscious levity jarred upon me. I turned my head suddenly, and looked him in the face.

"*Mon ami,*" I said, earnestly, and with all the firmness I could muster, "do not ask me to dwell upon this subject—to speak to you of this lady. I—I cannot."

He started—the letter dropped from his hand, and he pressed my hand silently. We were both silent for a long time, and I was the first to speak.

"Tell me, Seabrook," I said, "who is, or was, this fair Olimpia Morata, whom my brother mentions? Do you know anything of her?"

"Yes; she was an Italian lady of much beauty and learning, married to a young German doctor named Grunthler, who fell in love with her at Ferrara, and fled with her to Augsburg in 1548, to escape the persecutions of the Italian church. Chased from Augsburg to Schweinfurt, from Schweinfurt to Hammelburgh, they settled at last in Heidelberg, under the protection of the Elector Palatine.—Here Grunthler obtained the appointment of Professor of Physics to the University, and his wife delivered lectures upon the Greek, Latin, and French languages, and upon the paradoxes of Cicero. They were now perfectly happy; and the great beauty of Olimpia, as well as the fame of her acquirements, brought many listeners and gazers from far and near throughout all Germany. In 1555 she died, at the age of twenty-nine years. You may see her simple monument yonder, in the churchyard of St. Peter. Shall we stroll down into the town and look at it?"

"Not now, Seabrook, for I want to propose something to you. You have no particular motive in remaining at Heidelberg, have you?"

"You know that I am only loitering about here among the books of the University for my own amusement."

"Good. Would you object to go to Frankfurt?"

"To Frankfurt? Certainly not; but why do you wish to visit Frankfurt?"

"I only name Frankfurt because it is near. I care not where we go, if we but go somewhere; for I need change, amusement, relief from the monotony of thought. You are free—free as myself—let us get away, farther away, to Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Wiesbaden,—anywhere you will!"

Once more he pressed my hand in his; for he understood me.

"To Frankfurt, then, and with what speed we may! When will you go? To-night?"

"Not to-night. Let us spend our last moonlight evening together among the ruins. I may never behold them again."

"And sup afterwards with the University lads at the Hirschgasse! We must be merry for the nonce, for who knows when we shall again share their 'cakes and ale?'"

So that evening, when the crescent-moon stood over the clock-tower, like a silver sickle in a field of stars, we went up to the ruins and heard the nightingales sing in Heidelberg for the last time.

Alas! for the last time! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE ARMISTICE.

The recent news from Europe is one of the greatest blows that the Press has ever received. Here were "able editors," all the world over, with nothing to do but to predict all manner of possible and impossible things about Louis Napoleon, the "historical square," the "next act of the drama"—and yet no one, either in France, Germany, Russia, Italy, England, America, or the Sandwich Islands, had luck or foresight enough to predict an Armistice! How shall the public, after this, ever repose the least faith in the sharpsightedness of their beloved press? Is it not evident that Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria combined, with their mutual hatred of the press and the influence of "able editors," are at the bottom of this thing? Can this be the principal object of the Armistice, to confound the "able editors" aforesaid, and prove them to be "false prophets," or even worse, no prophets at all? "Who knows?" as the Chinese say.

And the "able editors," confounded by the news, have, which is worse, to stay confounded. They venture all manner of random guesses to account for the Armistice—but no one—not even he of the *London Times*—pretends to understand what it means. They do not even know whose work it is—who first proposed it. The *London Times* says Louis Napoleon—the *New York Times* says the Emperor of Austria, at the instigation of Prussia and England and Leopold of Belgium. One of the guesses is evidently correct, at least in part—but which?

And what is the object to be gained? To believe the papers, various ones. To allow Louis Napoleon time to strengthen and reorganize his forces—but he could have taken that time without an armistice; he had nothing to do but remain passive. To allow him breathing time to consider how matters now stand—not improbable. To allow an opportunity for trying to settle the quarrel by negotiation; still more probable.

No editor yet has conjectured that Louis Napoleon—having more or less of a human heart—is probably desirous of bringing the struggle to a close without further frightful wear and tear of life. That the thought of from eighty to a hundred thousand men—friends and enemies—slain, crippled, or otherwise injured—is one not altogether pleasant to him. We, no very great admirer of the Emperor of the French, will be kinder than his friends, and venture this charitable suggestion.

It must be a heavy load to have on one's conscience—the slaughter and maiming of a hundred thousand men, the suffering of that many families, composed of say half a million of human souls. We should not like it—we could hardly rest easy under it—a proof perhaps that we were not "born to command." We should like a war of our making, which bore such bloody fruit, to be clearly apparent to the eyes of all just men, as a righteous, necessary, and unavoidable war. No cries of "Vive l'Empereur," as we traversed the bloody battle field, strewn with its human wrecks, would, we think, lighten the weight upon our heart, if we were conscious that such sad work was even in part, the result of personal or national ambition.

Ah, well—it is not every man, or many men, who are fit to be emperors—who are cold-blooded enough to value a crown more than fellow men's happiness and lives. In fact, we believe that the number of men whose integrity and tenderness of heart are constant barriers between them and worldly advancement, is far greater than is generally supposed. Many a man in this country, we are convinced, enters the path of politics—whose abilities would ultimately ensure him high position—but who deliberately abandons that path, after a short journey, as necessitating a greater sacrifice of the higher principles of his nature than he is prepared to make. Therefore he sinks back again into obscurity—and leaves the heights of political eminence to the cold blooded and serpent natures whose instinct it is to twist and crawl.

But to return to the Armistice. Truly do we hope that it may eventuate in peace—a peace which shall give the Italians an opportunity of proving their capacity for self-government. We have not, we confess, any very great expectation of this result—but none the less fervently do we wish it. Our expectation, we admit, is otherwise—the ball has been set rolling, and we doubt that it can now be arrested. Italy, it seems to us, if left to herself, will soon make such an overturning as Louis Napoleon himself is pledged not to permit. And yet, by intervening, he must break with Italy, which now seems so greatly to admire and reverence him. As it seems to us, he must be false to his promises to the Italian people, or to the Papal Power—false to Kossuth and Garibaldi, or outrage the conservative political sentiment of Europe, which sentiment is in the ascendant in every European nation, with the temporary exception perhaps of Great Britain. Louis Napoleon has invoked the great spirit of Revolution—can he lay it as easily? What if it should be found that this vaunted far-seeing and sagacious man, is the mere tool of Destiny, not its master?

—— As we go to press, we receive the "glad tidings" of peace, published in our news columns. We have no time this week to remark at length upon the settlement which has been made. We may briefly say that it will probably displease not only the Italians, but the English and American admirers of the French Emperor. And we are disposed to think that it will hardly give peace to Italy.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—We may state, for the information of our many thousands of country readers, that the question of allowing the city railroad cars to run on Sunday, is causing considerable discussion and excitement in this city. On Sunday week, by order of the Mayor, the cars on the Green street road were stopped, and the driver arrested for a breach of the peace. In order to have the question settled, the driver was afterwards taken on a writ of *habeas corpus* before Judge Thompson, whose decision was given on last Saturday, the principal points being as follows:—

It was decided that the offence complained of was not covered by the statute of 1794 against worldly employment on Sunday. The question here was whether the driver was guilty of a breach of the peace of the Sabbath. Work done on Sunday does not constitute a breach of the peace of the Sabbath, unless accompanied by noise or disorder. Travelling through the streets or riding for recreation even, was not to be considered a breach of the peace of the Sabbath, because the disturbance was only momentary. No such breach can be held to be made unless it is shown that the peace of the neighborhood is disturbed. In this case, it was in evidence that the driving of the car at the time of the arrest was accompanied by noise sufficient to interfere with public worship and to disturb the public along the line, and also that the driving was accompanied by a crowd of persons and some disorderly conduct. It was therefore decided that the driving under these circumstances constituted a breach of the peace of the Sabbath, and the discharge of the driver on the writ of *habeas corpus* was accordingly refused. The prisoner was therefore remanded, with permission to enter into recognizance with security to appear at the next Quarter Sessions.

The arguments adduced by the opponents and the friends of a Sunday use of the city railroads, may be briefly summed up as follows. The former say:

That the keeping holy of a Sabbath day is positively enjoined in the ten commandments—and that Sunday is the day which the early Christians resolved to observe as the Christian Sabbath.

That the running of the city cars violates the sanctity of the Sabbath—and disturbs the congregations of the churches in their worship.

That the running of the cars is but a wedge to let in all manner of amusements, and other desecrations, upon the Sabbath day.

That the only free country in Europe is England, where the Sabbath is kept holy—and that no country can continue free, where the Sabbath is not religiously observed.

On the other side it is said—

That the fourth commandment was designed expressly for the Jews, and enjoins the keeping holy of the seventh day of the week, and not the first.

That there is no authority in the New Testament for the keeping of Sunday as the Jews kept Saturday—but that the example and precepts of the Saviour, as well as the teachings of St. Paul, bear decidedly the other way.

That both Calvin and Luther, those great pillars of Protestantism, did not observe Sunday as a holy day, in the sense of the Old Testament, but taught that it should not be so regarded.

That if the city railroad cars are forbidden to run, all the other railroad cars, and the steamboats, should also be stopped—and that carriages also should be forbidden to run through the streets and roads of the city.

That, if it be an offence, it is not a breach of the peace, but simply a violation of a statute, only to be punished by the fine prescribed in said statute as a penalty.

That, so far as the example of England is concerned, railroad companies are not only allowed, but compelled by law, to run their trains on Sunday—and that the omnibuses, which make more noise than the cars, run regularly on Sundays in London.

These, we believe, are the principal arguments, pro and con; and, with this statement of facts, we leave the subject.

A NEW STORY, BY CHARLES READE.—We begin in the present paper, the new story by the popular author of "Never Too Late to Mend," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," &c. The reader will notice that the latest chapters received from England—the third and fourth—are on the sixth page. With a story by Dickens, a story by Reade, and "My Brother's Wife," which is as interesting as either, our readers have a feast of good things.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

A NATURALIZED CITIZEN. Bancroft is probably one of the fullest in detail of the historians of the United States. The principal objection to his work is, that Mr. Bancroft writes history too much from a theoretical point of view, and is in danger of cutting the garment of his facts, in accordance with the cloth of his principles. This "philosophical" plan of writing history is almost necessarily fatal to its truth. The historian should trouble himself very little with the philosophy of history, but simply give the facts, in a sincere and impartial spirit, which cares not how they seem to bear, or what political theories they seem to subvert or establish. Hildreth's history also is very minute, and not open to the objection of being philosophical. Neither of these histories, we believe, is yet completed. Probably the latter would serve your turn the best, if it reaches to the period you desire to examine into. Any of the booksellers who advertise in THE POST, doubtless would procure either of these works for you at the publisher's price.

TRAVELLER. "A year's tour through Egypt, Palestine *and Rome*," would be "likely to cost" somewhere between one thousand and five thousand dollars, according to the ease and verdancy with which you spent your money. At best such is our impression of a matter in regard to which we have little practical experience. A tour 'through Rome,' also, by the time you got there, might cost possibly a broken leg, or arm, or neck—as it is exceedingly doubtful how long affairs will remain tranquil in the "Eternal City."

RUSTIC. The Prince of Wales is heir to the crown of England; and, if living, will be king at the death of his mother—unless England should become a republic, or the French should annex it to France, before that period; two events which are of course possible, though not very probable. The Prince of *Wales* is of course a very "big fish."

MOSES. The name of "good man," as applied by wives to their husbands, probably is of very ancient origin. We have no direct evidence upon the subject, but we infer from the amount of human nature that appears to have been developed very early in Eve, that she first began the habit by calling Adam "my good man," or some equivalent term. About the same era of the world doubtless also arose that other custom, of husbands calling their wives the "old woman." This latter is by no means so complimentary and sensible a phrase as the other—and Adam, the first time he used it, was doubtless in a little of a huff. Probably before Eve allowed the serpent—or, as some authorities say, the ape—to dupe her so, her "good man" was in the habit of calling her "his better half"—but we doubt that he ever called her so after the fall. By the way, speaking of Eve, the word *evil* was probably derived from her name. Woman—wo-man—is also a very significant word. The name of Adam, it may be urged by some of our lady readers, is also significant—but, curiously enough, Adam—a dam, or dame—would seem to be more appropriate as a female designation. These are digressions however. To return to our sheep, as the French say, the most ancient use of the phrase "good man" we find in Proverbs, which proves that the Jewish matrons were in the habit of thus designating their "lords and masters." It certainly goes to prove the existence of a great deal of faith, hope, and charity in the female heart, that wives should thus take for granted so universally that their husbands are "good." And as every one admits the discernment of womankind, especially in regard to the characters of those with whom they are brought into contact, it follows, as a matter of course, that husbands, as a general thing, are "good men." Having arrived at this very satisfactory conclusion, perhaps our readers will be content with our dropping the subject for the present.

CORAL. It is a somewhat narrow and contracted philosophy which would forbid marriage to any but the physically healthy and vigorous. Even if this finite state of existence were all our life, a great deal might be well urged against the view in question. From such marriages have come some of the most gifted intellects that have blessed this earth with their writings, their precepts, their inventions and their discoveries. With a feeble frame, often goes a highly nervous and sensitive mental organization, which perceives truths that glance off the thicker enticles of healthier frames unnoticed. And the moment we begin to contemplate the subject from a point of view which takes in both the finite and the infinite, the here and the hereafter, the argument against the view we have alluded to, becomes almost overwhelming. Who shall say that it is not well that a being in whom the moral and intellectual elements may be expected to predominate, should be born into the world, even though the physical frame be not strong enough to keep it here a single hour? With eternity before us, how petty and trivial this earthly life, and the body which appertains to it, seem. It has passed into a proverb that "Those the Gods love, die young"—and a proverb is said to embody the wit of one, and the wisdom of many. Now those that "die young," generally do so from a deficiency of strength and vigor in the physical organization. And yet these are those "the Gods love." Even if we do not admit the full force of this saying, all must admit that there is much truth in it—that some of the very finest organizations, especially as relates to the mental and spiritual powers, pass away in the rosy bloom, the very Eden, as it were, of their young lives. We would not underrate the value of a strong and healthy physical organization—we are, in fact, an earnest advocate of what has been good-humoredly called, "muscular Christianity,"—but those who think with us upon the subject of physical improvement and development, must be careful not to let their views run into materialism, or the last error will be tenfold worse than the first. We have heard of one philosopher who would not marry because he had a tendency to consumption—thus depriving some half-dozen human beings probably of the bliss of an immortal life, for fear they might leave this world through the gate of consumption, a little earlier than their contemporaries would through some of the thousand other gates of accident and disease. Carry out his view to its logical results, and we should all become Shakers in our practice—for where is the man without some taint in his blood, or his soul, of one kind or another? And a taint in the spirit is a much more serious matter to transmit, than a taint in the flesh. So much for the question theoretically; practically we do not think there is much danger of men generally abandoning the marriage institution, or else we might enforce our views at even greater length.

MOTHER. It is a great pity that we have not such schools as are wanted—schools in which sport and exercise shall have their fair share of time and direction. Now, a judicious parent almost fears to send a weak boy to school, and is somewhat concerned about a strong one. To see the little fellows with their loads of books, and to think of their long hours in school, and their long lessons out, almost makes one doubt whether our present system of education is not considerable of a curse, as well as a great deal of a blessing. A school should be an institution where the training of the body should have its proper place as well as of the mind—where eye, ear, limb should be trained to accuracy and strength. It should be a place where gymnastics are habitually used to strengthen and develope the physical powers—where swimming and riding and shooting and dancing and music are not neglected. There should be walks and teachings in the open country as often as possible. There should be the design, at least, to develope the whole nature, and not merely one part of it. Is there any such school in the wide Union? If there is, we would like to call the attention of the public to it. Certainly there are enough sensible people in the country to support a dozen such schools. We think sometimes, in view of the preposterous waste of time in studying Greek and Latin—no, not in studying them, but in pretending to study, while the pupil's thoughts and heart are, fortunately for his own sanity, far from them—that it is a pity the Romans had not some good Caliph Omar to order all the Greek books burnt, and that the Latin authors did not afterwards share the same fate. We are getting to have a profound respect for Caliph Omar. Seriously, will not our school committees and school teachers gradually begin to perceive that education, properly understood, means the education of the whole being—and that it should at least strive to include something more than mere book learning. Why, those very Greeks and Latins understood this matter better than we do—and the fact that we do not profit the least by their example, proves how very dead a thing the study of their languages and their history has become.

☞ THE CHOICE OF A DOCTOR.—Physicians are some of them so pleasing and conformable to the humor of the patient, as they press not the true cure of the disease; and some others are so regular, in proceeding according to art, for the disease, as they respect not sufficiently the condition of the patient. Take one of a middle temper; or, if it may not be found in one man, combine two of either sort: and forget not to call, as well, the best acquainted with your body, as the best reported of for his faculty.—*Lord Bacon's Essays.*

☞ Cherries were first planted in Britain one hundred years before Christ; and afterwards brought from Flanders, and planted in Kent with such success, that an orchard of thirty-two acres produced, in the year 1540, £1,000! According to Busino, Venitian ambassador in the reign of James I., it was a favorite amusement in the Kentish gardens to try who could eat most cherries. In this way, one young woman managed to eat twenty pounds of cherries, beating her opponent by two pounds and a half: a severe illness was the result.—*Timbs's Things not Generally Known, second series.*

☞ HOW TO DRAW OUT THE SOUL OF A FIDDLE.—Inside every fiddle is a soul, but a coy one. The nine hundred and ninety-nine never win it. They play rapid tunes, but the soul of beautiful gaiety is not there; slow tunes, very slow ones, wherein the spirit of whining is mighty, but the sweet soul of pathos is absent; doleful, not nice and tearful. Then comes the Heaven-born fiddler, who can make himself cry with his own fiddle.—*Love me Little, Love me Long. By Charles Reade.*

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A new book entitled THE ROMAN QUESTION, by EDMOND ABOUT, (D. Appleton & Co., New York,) is, in vulgar parlance, "bound to make a row." The author is one of the most brilliant of the young French literati, and public rumor has so far dignified this work, as to assert that Louis Napoleon himself revised the manuscript. Public rumor also asserts that the book itself is a French State measure, and is put forth either to test the public feeling with regard to an alleged design of the French Emperor's—to wit, the withdrawal of temporal power from the Pope—or to manufacture public opinion in aid of that design. Whether this is so or not, who can say? All we know is, that the work in its original form appeared in the *Moniteur*, the official paper; that, suppressed there, at the complaint of the Pontifical power, the author issued it at Brussels in its present form; and that it was allowed to circulate immensely in Paris, before it was formally prohibited by the authorities. Furthermore, it has not only created a great furor in the French capital, but has caused a division of opinion among the Catholics there—the adherents of the Gallican church warmly endorsing, it is said, its statements and purpose, and, on the other hand, the Ultramontanists, as warmly denouncing both one and the other.

The Roman question which the book discusses is, simply—Ought temporal power to be taken from the Pope? M. About says it ought, and his book is devoted to an elaborate attack upon the present Papal authorities. M. About declares he is a good Catholic, which may be so, but at anyrate, it is evident that he is a Catholic who has dipped his pen in Voltaire's ink, for his book is one succession of poignant epigrams, which are not always strictly reverent. The very first sentence in the work is a specimen:—"The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, consists of one hundred and thirty-nine millions of individuals, without counting little Mortara!" Just beyond, we have the Catholic clergy in Rome described as "a multitude of men, excellent no doubt in the sight of God, but insupportable in that of the people." In another place, he says that in Rome "faith, hope and charity, receive more encouragement, than agriculture, commerce, and manufactures!" These are average specimens of the vivacities with which the book abounds. It is of course a book of much interest, as any book must be which is connected with the state of affairs in Italy, at the present time, and with the possible machinations of the French Emperor. On these points, it throws, or seems to throw, some rays of intelligence—as for instance in the chapter on "Foreign Occupation," and also in various passages scattered through the pages.

Mr. Theodore Dwight, an American citizen of much respectability, and known as a warm friend of Italian liberty, has translated a work of signal interest—THE LIFE OF GEN. GARIBALDI, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, WITH SKETCHES OF HIS COMPATRIOTS IN ARMS. (Barnes & Burr, New York.) The autobiography is occupied with a modest recital of the feats and fortunes of the noble Italian soldier and his comrades, in the struggles for South American independence, and we find his proud part in the Italian revolutions only briefly referred to in the succeeding sketches. Garibaldi is undoubtedly a heroic man, as all the glimpses of character his career has afforded, show. The knightly traits appear not only in his feats of arms, his steadfast devotion to his country and the cause of Republicanism, and his fortitude in adversity; but also in his manly avoidance of the public ovations which were tendered him in this country when he was with us, his advice to his comrades to work at any calling, however humble, rather than live on the bounty of the public, and his own refusal to accept pecuniary aid, he having manfully chosen to do hard daily labor for his living, when he might have traded upon his reputation as an exiled patriot. One of the most touching portions of this volume is that where he tells, with a simplicity almost sublime, the story of his heroic wife, Anna Garibaldi, "his constant companion in good and evil fortune," he calls her, and the sharer of his greatest dangers. She died, our readers may remember, during the brave retreat from Rome in '48, and her career makes a page in the glowing Iliad of Italy's struggle for independence. Mrs. Browning's mention of her in that great poem, "Casa Guidi Windows," comes to mind:

"——— Not one
Who died for Italy in vain has died;
* * * * * * *
Not her who by her husband's side in scorn
Outfaced the whistling shot and hissing waves,
Until she felt her little babe unborn
Recoil within her from the violent staves
And bloodhounds of the world: whereat her soul
Dropped inward from her eyes and followed it,
Beyond the hunters! Garibaldi's wife
And child died so. And now the sea waves fit
Her body with a proper shroud and coif,
And murmurously the ebbing waters grit
The little pebbles where she lies interred
In the sea-sand. Perchance, ere dying thus,
She looked up in his face which never stirred
From its clenched anguish, as to make excuse
For leaving him at last, if so she erred.
Well, he remembers that she could not choose
An honorable grave."

But what more honorable grave than the grave of this great woman on the beach of Mesola! A soldier's wife, she lived the life of a soldier, and died a soldier's death. Garibaldi first met her in the Republican wars in South America. She sailed with him in the Montevidean fleet with which he harassed the Brazilians. In a battle with the Imperialist squadron, her presence and voice held the men to their posts, and she had distributed the boarding weapons, and fired the first shot, before her husband got on board. She played an earnest part in the succeeding land battles of the Montevidean Republic, submitting to be a spectatress that she might have charge of the ammunition, which, her husband naively says, "she feared would not be well served out to the soldiers" unless she attended to it. At one battle, after a defeat, she was captured, her horse being killed under her, and her hair cut by a bullet. But she escaped, riding away at dead of night in a thunder-storm, through the wild forests, over rocky ground, and crossing the swollen streams by clinging to the tail of her horse, who swam and struggled through the waves, dragging her after him. Four days of this kind of travel passed, when she came up with the Republican corps at Vacaria. "She was no less great in adversity than in danger," says her husband. And again he testifies—"Anna, though superior to the trials and dangers of war, was amiable in domestic life. She assisted and consoled me in adverse fortune, in the trying circumstances which we endured in the capital of Uruguay. During all the time I remained in the service of it, she left the city but seldom, taking no part in military operations, and devoting herself to the care of the family." Then came the Italian struggles of '48, and she with her husband and children, eagerly set sail for Italy. There she shared the fortunes of that struggle, "happy," says her husband, "in the hope of the redemption of a people." Under the walls of Rome and beyond them—at Villetri, at San Angelo and San Marino,—she did both soldier's and woman's service. And then came the hour of disaster, and at last, borne down by illness, the brave spirit left its broken fortress, and withdrew to her rest. "Italy, thou hast the ashes of Dante," says her husband: "receive the bones of the American amazon, the martyr of Italian liberty, and place them near the ashes of thy great men, and under their protection. Soil of generous men, press lightly on the grave of the brave daughter of America! And, my sons! when you are asked, Where are your parents? say, We are orphans for Italy." Thus Garibaldi celebrates his heroic mate—"the incomparable mother," he also calls her, "of his children," who, with such a mother, should be *men*.

BLACKWOOD, for July, (Leonard Scott & Co., New York,) follows up its last month's attack on Macaulay's account of Marlborough, with another on his defence of King William for his part in the massacre of Glencoe. The reviewer seems to have the best of it. It is curious to think of a man like Macaulay, so thoroughly an advocate in the grain—so compelled, as it were, by the very constitution of his being to take a side and argue a case—that truth in its purity is impossible with him!

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE, (Oliver Ditson, Boston; Beck & Lawton, Philadelphia,) is a handsome work which all piano forte players ought to look at and report upon. It is finely illustrated by a series of plates, showing the position of the hands and fingers in playing; and has specimens of the compositions of the best composers. We should fancy it a work of importance to all students of the instrument.

IMPORTANT DECISION—THE OHIO BLACK LAW DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The Court of Common Pleas for Cuyahoga County, through Judge Foote, recently delivered an important decision. At the last election Freeman H. Morris, tailor by trade, and having about one-fourth negro blood in his veins, presented himself at the First Ward voting place, and was barred from voting on account of his negro blood. Action was brought against the Judges of Election, Sanborn, Christian, and Garrett, for illegally rejecting the vote. They pleaded in defence the recent act of the Legislature, rejecting the vote of any person having any negro blood in his veins.

The case was made up and submitted to the Court; whereupon Judge Foote declared for the plaintiff, declaring the "black law" to be unconstitutional. The Court held that under the old Constitution of Ohio all persons having more than half white blood were declared to be legally white. The New Constitution merely mentioned "white persons," without defining what constituted a white person; consequently the definition of a white person retained in the old Constitution remained in force, and any law declaring a person having more than half white blood to be a negro must of necessity be unconstitutional.

A SHORT BRIDAL TRIP.—The Milwaukie News is responsible for the following story:—On the 4th of July, a heavy business man of Boston—one of the well-off merchants of that city—was married there to a handsome young lady of Boston. He was rich, doing a good business, and forty years of his life had passed before he saw Miss ———, the daughter of his lawyer, and married her. On the morning of the 5th they started on a Western collecting tour, and last week arrived in this city and put up at the Newhall. On this short trip the rose had greatly faded from her cheek, and sadder had turned her eye. No one knows the cause, but last Monday they visited a lawyer of this city, and signed papers agreeing forever to separate—each to go where fancy or inclination might lead, and henceforth to be as strangers to each other. He settled upon her Boston property to the amount of $20,000, gave her beside $1,000 in cash, and yesterday she left for Boston. Both parties were well educated, handsome, and apparently well fitted for each other's society, but some cause, unknown to outsiders, led to the above results.

LEARNED AND WEALTHY AFRICANS.—Mr. Bowen, in a lecture at New York, said there were several libraries and a number of learned men in the heart of Africa, who know a great deal more about us than we do about them. They asked, for instance, if the days of our week were not named so and so; and when answered affirmatively, replied that they had found it so in their books. The names of Abraham, David, Marianna, and Susannah are common in Central Africa. Mr. Bowen saw men with Roman noses, finely formed hands and feet, black skins, and woolly heads. They were called the black white men, and were esteemed the most learned among the Africans. In Abeokuta there is a market two miles long. Dresses are sold there as high as sixty dollars apiece. The lecturer knew an African intimately whose wealth was estimated at more than two million dollars. The women do not work in the fields in the interior. The language has more abstract nouns than the English, which shows that Africans know how to think.

A FATHER WITH THREE DOZEN CHILDREN—THE GERMANS UPPERMOST.—At Markheidenfelt, a village situated on the river Main, in Bavaria, there lives a man sixty-eight years of age, named Johannes Schlottenbeck. He is a master chimney-sweep, a vocation more honorable in Germany than in this country, and for half a century has given personal attention to his business. He is now living with his third wife, and on the 16th of June last his thirty-sixth child was christened at the parish church. By his first consort he had seven; by his second, eleven; and by his third, eighteen children—of whom half are girls and one half boys. A few families so prolific would supply a nation with all the soldiery required for its defence, and laborers to perform its necessary agriculture and manufacturing. There is vitality left in the old Teutonic stock yet, enabling it to sprout so abundantly. The French, and even the Irish, cannot come up to it.

MR. GREELEY MISTAKEN.—The Tuscarawas (O.) Advocate has a letter from the gold diggings, which says that Mr. Greeley was humbugged in regard to the richness of the mines. The writer states that he has heard miners boast that they "fooled" Mr. Greeley by slipping gold dust into their sluice boxes and dirt.

PEACE.

Most Important News from Europe.

TREATY OF PEACE CONCLUDED.

AN ITALIAN CONFEDERATION UNDER THE HONORARY PRESIDENCY OF THE POPE OF ROME.

FARTHER POINT, BELOW QUEBEC, July 24.—The steamship North Briton, from Liverpool on the 13th inst., bound for Quebec, has been intercepted off this point, and a most important budget of news obtained.

Cyrus W. Field, Esq., is a passenger by the North Briton. He has accomplished the object of his visit, relating to another attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

The advices by the North Briton are four days later than those furnished by the steamer Africa, and are of a highly important character, both in a political and financial point of view.

A treaty of peace between Austria, France and Sardinia has been concluded.

The following is a copy of the telegram from Napoleon to the Empress Eugenie, announcing that peace had been concluded upon.

"VALLEGIO, July 11.—A treaty of peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself, on the following basis:

"The Italian Confederacy is to be under the honorary Presidency of the Pope.

"The Emperor of Austria concedes his right in Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who transfers them to the King of Sardinia.

"The Emperor of Austria preserves Venice, but she will form an integral part of the Italian Confederation. NAPOLEON."

EFFECT OF THE NEWS AT PARIS AND LONDON.—The dispatch of the Emperor announcing the conclusion of peace, was bulletined in Paris on the 13th, when the French funds immediately rose two and a half per cent. The closing quotations are not mentioned, but were about 70 francs.

The news did not transpire in London till after official closing hour of Consols; sales of which were made afterwards at 96¼—the rise during the day being seven-eighths. All other securities closed buoyant.

The London Daily News says: "The first hopes and expectations of Italy are deceived. History will call Napoleon to strict account for having made war on false pretences, and signed a mock and selfish peace, that leaves Austria impregnably fortified in the heart of Northern Italy, and commits the centre of Italy to the patronage of the Pope, and to the constant menace of the military intervention on the part of the Pope's patrons and protectors; that takes no account of the welfare of the people, and substitutes for national independence a Confederation under the lock and key of Austrian garrisons. The Emperor of France has sown the seeds of future wars. The closer we examine this pretended pacification, the more futile and iniquitous it appears."

The Morning Post contends that the soul of the treaty agreed upon is the nationality guaranteed under every variety of local government, in a confederation of the Italian States. The Emperor of Austria is to be King of Venetia, solely as a member of the Confederation; he will rule less than three million Italians, and will be controlled by a Confederation ruling not less than twenty-six millions. The Pope is shorn virtually of his temporal supremacy; he is deprived of the substance, but keeps the shadow.

The Times says that "Venice must hope that her independence will not be a mere name, and that the influence of France and Austria united will not be more unbearable than that of Austria singly. The Romans must hope that the Italian Confederation, under the honorary presidency of the Pope, will be nothing like any government they have hitherto known. The Papal States are left as they were, with a master somewhat greater than before—he is honorary President of the Italian Confederation, and Gen. Goyon holds the sword at his side. The King of Naples is made a member of the Confederation, and has to learn the worth of that honor and its import. Europe has to welcome a new Power. England has nothing to do but to look on. Austria is somewhat humbled, but relieved of a difficulty. Sardinia is aggrandized with a province that mistrusts her, and a neighbor that has earned an imperishable and inexhaustible claim to her gratitude. The Grand Dukes, we suppose, are once more to be reinstated on their thrones. France has now the game in her own hands. She has Europe before her. She can raise all Italy and half the Austrian empire against those Germans whom she has so often beaten. Yet, in the very summit of her ambition, she renounces. France has spent fifty millions sterling, and fifty thousand men, only to give Milan a Piedmontese instead of an Austrian master, and to establish the Pope in a temporal dignity even beyond his imagination, and capable of extension. Is all this real? The Emperor's game must be a very long one."

THE ARMISTICE.—A dispatch from Turin says Napoleon issued a bulletin from Vallegic, announcing the armistice, congratulating the troops on their glorious achievements, and announcing his immediate departure for Paris, leaving the provisional command of the army to Marshal Vaillant.

The London Times claims that England brought about the armistice. Other authorities give the credit to Prussia.

A Verona telegram says the armistice was concluded only after repeated requests from the French, and after Austria had obtained all she had asked for.

It was reported that Kossuth was to propose a monarchial government for Hungary.

GREAT BRITAIN.—On the 12th, Lord Wodehouse, in the House of Lords, and Lord John Russell, in the Commons, read Napoleon's telegram announcing peace. The latter added that although there was an idea that the Emperor of the French would demand Savoy as a compensation for the expenses of the war, he had made no demand, and desired no addition to France. Loud and prolonged cheers greeted this announcement.

The following is the committee appointed to advise the Atlantic Telegraph Company on their new cable:—Mr. Robert Stephenson, Mr. Brunel, Mr. E. Clark, Mr. Bidder, Professor Wheatstone, Dr. W. A. Miller, and Mr. Longridge. Mr. Lalimore Clark is the new engineer of the company.

PRUSSIA.—It was rumored at Berlin that the Emperor of Russia would soon arrive there, to attend the family conference, touching the disposal of the crown after the abdication of the King.

It is to be decided by this conference whether the crown shall be conferred on the Prince Regent, or on his son, Prince Frederick William, after the abdication of the King.

NAPLES.—An unsuccessful attempt, on the 7th inst., at a revolt among the soldiers, was met by a discharge of artillery from those who remained faithful. About forty were killed.

The following are the particulars of the revolt:—

Two hundred soldiers, fifty of whom were Swiss, revolted on the 7th, at Naples, and left Port Carmish, for the purpose of rousing other troops to revolt, in which they failed. On arriving at the Champ de Mars, all the Swiss and native troops who remained faithful met them with a discharge of artillery, and forty insurgents were killed and wounded.

It was stated that Filangieri had resigned the Presidency of the Council, but that the King has urged him to continue in office. He and the King had adopted a basis for important measures.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Calcutta mail of June 3d, and Hong Kong of May 21, had reached England.

The Indian government is said to have decided to permit all European troops who might desire it, to receive their discharge and free passage to Great Britain, thus removing all grounds of complaint. It was expected that thousands would avail themselves of the offer.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Liverpool, July 12.—Messrs Clare & Co's circular report that the Cotton market continues firm.

State of Trade.—The market of Manchester were buoyant, and goods are quoted at an advance. Cloths, however, remained quiet.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.—The Breadstuffs market generally continues dull. Wheat is more active, and an improvement of 1@2d in price is noted. Corn dull but unchanged.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs declined; Wheat dull and 2@4s lower.

Liverpool Provision Market.—Provisions generally have a declining tendency. The circulars report Pork heavy and slightly declined in price. Bacon dull; sales unimportant. Lard dull but steady.

Consols are quoted at 96.

American Stocks.—Messrs. Baring Brothers, and Bell & Co.'s Circular report the following quotations:—Illinois Central R. 37¼@37 ₱ cent discount; Do Sevens, of 1875, 77; New York Central Sixes, 84; Do Central Sevens, 94; Erie R. Bonds of 1862 21; Pennsylvania Cent. R. 2d mtge 94½.

An armistice has been agreed upon between Austria and the Allies until the 15th of August. The effect of this had been a great buoyancy in all the money markets, and strong hopes were entertained of a peace.

Cotton had advanced in the Liverpool market, but breadstuffs and provisions were dull. Consols were quoted at 95a95½.

The ship Sarah Minnot, of Boston, from New Orleans for Liverpool, has been burned at sea. The crew had been picked up, and arrived at Liverpool.

On the 7th inst., the Emperor Napoleon telegraphed to the Empress, that an armistice had been agreed upon, and on the 8th it was signed at Villa Franca, by Gen. Hess and Marshal Vaillant.

It is to end on the 15th of August. It stipulates that commercial vessels, without distinction of flag, shall be allowed to navigate the Adriatic unmolested.

The Paris Moniteur says:—"It is necessary that the public should not misunderstand the extent of the armistice; it is limited merely to a relaxation of hostilities between the belligerent armies, which, though leaving the field open for negotiations, does not enable us for the present to foresee how the war may be terminated.

"PARIS, Friday, July 8.—The Patrie says it is good to put public opinion upon its guard against any surprise. Speaking of the approaching negotiations with which the public will be occupied during the armistice, the Patrie calls to mind the programme traced by the Emperor before his departure for the army, which pointed out that Italy must be independent from the Alps to the Adriatic. The campaign in Italy has given to this project the sanction of a victory; therefore, if the negotiations take place, they can only have as a basis the complete independence of Italy.

"The Presse explains the note of the Moniteur, and the official communication, as intended to put the public on their guard against being led away by visions of peace.

"All the other papers express the same opinion."

The London Times believes in peace. It says that it is well authenticated that the proposal came from France, indicating a good feeling of moderation, or else the necessity of the French, but, does not believe it was the latter. France, however, reaps all the benefit of the armistice either way.

The armistice has caused much excitement. Consols advanced 1¼a2 per cent., and on the Paris Bourse the advance was 2½. The other Continental Bourses all advanced materially. The Austrian funds at Frankfort rose 10 per cent.

Prior to the declaration of the armistice, the Sardinians proceeded vigorously in the siege of Peschiera; but this and other movements have now lost their interest.

In the Federal Diet, on the 7th inst., Austria proposed to mobilize the whole federal contingent, and request the Prince Regent of Prussia to assume the command in chief.

"STOCKHOLM, July 8.—His Majesty, King Oscar, died to-day. He was born on the 4th of July, 1799." He was a son of Bernadotte, Napoleon's marshal, who was called to the throne of Sweden.

VIENNA, July 8.—The Austrian Correspondence contains the following.

The French frigate Impetueuse bombarded Zara yesterday. The fortress returned the fire. The Impetueuse at last broke off the contest, appearing to have suffered injury.

The Vienna Gazette publishes an amended list of the killed and wounded at Solferino. As to the officers, the report gives 90 killed, 414 wounded, 13 made prisoners, and 70 missing; total 587. Of rank and file, 2,005 killed and 8,621 wounded; making a grand total of 11,213. Nothing is said respecting the number taken prisoners. The French and Sardinian killed and wounded were 18,245. The numbers given by the Vienna journals are believed to be still below the truth.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times says that on the 3d inst. the French fleet, consisting of 64 sail, was at no great distance from Venice.

A letter from Rome, published in the Times, states that the Mazzinians have forged a pretended order of the Pope, as if it had been issued at the War Office, directing the most severe treatment of the revolted districts.

The Hungarian Legion forming at Genoa is to be clothed like the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army, and it is believed the latter will not fire on men wearing the national costume.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—The Emperor's miraculous escape with the loss of his epaulette has been explained. The shot which shattered Gen. Auger's arm carried off his epaulette. The General, being brought to the rear for amputation, encountered the Emperor, who had a kind and cheering word for everybody during the fight. Seeing the General's forlorn plight, he unbuttoned one of his own epaulettes and placed it on Gen. Auger's shoulder, thereby creating him a general of division on the spot. Such is the version given of this extraordinary incident. The Emperor on being seen riding about with only one of his "wings," was supposed to have been deprived of the other by a cannon ball, but had such been the case, the windage alone would have seriously injured him.

The death of General Auger is now confirmed by the newspapers. He succumbed after undergoing the dangerous operation of a disarticulation of the shoulder. The wounds of Generals Ladmirault and Dieu are said to be serious.

An official condemnation by the government of an article which appeared in the Paris Siecle affirms that respect for the Papacy forms part of the programme which the Emperor is carrying out in Italy. The responsibility of the conflict at Perugia is cast on those who compelled the Pontifical government to make use of an armed force for its legitimate defence. The Siecle has replied to the government communication, though it is not usual to do so. The Patrie also protests against the approbation given by the Minister of the Interior to the events at Perugia.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S PLAN FOR REVOLUTIONIZING HUNGARY.—The Times, in its city article, gives information obtained unexpectedly, it says, through a perfectly legitimate financial channel, respecting the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon with regard to Hungary, through the agency of Kossuth, who had an interview with his Imperial Majesty before he left for Italy. The Emperor agreed to give Kossuth a *corps d'armee*, and arms and ammunition to any extent required. It was settled that the Emperor should issue the first proclamation to the Hungarian nation, and that this should be followed by one from Kossuth. That in case of Hungary rising and freeing herself from Austria, France should be the first officially to recognize the independence of the country, and would then obtain the same recognition from her allies. That the Emperor should allow Hungary, without interference on his part, to choose her own form of government, and to elect for sovereign the person she may deem most desirable. That the Emperor Napoleon should place 3,000,000f at Kossuth's disposal, the management of which, Kossuth having declined to accept, has been placed under the Hungarian committee now acting at Genoa.

The Times says that only two or three days after the conditions were agreed to, Count Walewski gave Lord Cowley the most positive assurance that it was not the Emperor's intention to make use of any revolutionary element.

The Daily News, referring to the above article in the Times, says, it is impossible to understand with what object inventions like this, either self-contradicted or by events, are published day after day. It is needless to point out that if the reported conditions had been agreed to by the French Emperor, M. Kossuth would not now be in Italy.

Letters from Hungary state that the whole country is inundated with proclamations from Kossuth. In his proclamations Kossuth never speaks of Austria, but always of the House of Hapsburg. He declares that the expulsion of that dynasty is the mission of the Hungarian nation. He says that he shall be supported by a Power which ten years ago replaced the House of Hapsburg on the throne, and that that power is now engaged in preparing its arms against the Hapsburgs. He then says:—"Rise, Magyars! Sacrifice your crops! Let them be trampled under foot to the last blade by your friends and your enemies! I swear to you by the God of the Magyars, that I will enrich your soil for a thousand years, whilst reconquering Hungarian liberty!" Gen. Klapka has also issued a short proclamation to the Magyars, calling on them to take up arms and display the national colors.

Mr. Cobden's refusal to enter the Cabinet is put by that gentleman himself on very intelligible and good grounds. It turns on the position he has taken up with regard to the question of the national defences. He is of the opinion that he cannot conscientiously or advantageously to himself take office in a Cabinet which is pledged to a large and costly augmentation of both naval and military estimates.

LONDON, July 9.—NOON.—A letter from Belgrade states that about sixty young men belonging to the first families of Servia, have solicited permission to form a corps to fight in favor of Italian independence.

A letter from Trebizond says that Persia is making great preparations in anticipation of a war with Turkey.

The semi-official correspondence from Madrid declares that, while desiring Italian independence, Spain will still maintain her neutrality, so long as the Italian Princes and the Church are maintained.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton had advanced 1-16d on all qualities—market active and buoyant.

Breadstuffs and Provisions are very dull, and have declined slightly.

☞ LOGIC.—As a specimen of the past utility of the Logic Class in the University of Edinburgh, an anecdote is recorded, in which the son of a Baronet, who resided not far from town, acted a conspicuous part. He was called up by the worthy Professor of the time, and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt answer. "How, sir?" cried the amazed Professor, "*can* a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with *one*, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

☞ THE CONSERVATIVE.—The London News felicitously says:—"Metternich was the fanatic of the *status quo* whom Paul Louis Courier beheld in a vision on the morning of the creation of the world, crying out in indignation and alarm, "Good God! chaos will be destroyed!"

☞ A NAVAL QUESTION.—If a boatswain marries, does his wife become a boatswain's mate?

☞ Serenity is no sign of security; a stream is never so smooth, equable and silvery, as at the instant before it becomes a cataract.—*Landor.*

☞ "You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened in circumstances."

☞ When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find in themselves a power which they thought they had not.—*Tillotson.*

☞ The following case of modest assurance appeared recently in the advertising columns of the London Times: "A gentlewoman will return her sincere thanks to those who would kindly assist her in procuring a piano-forte. Stamps thankfully received. Address ———."

☞ There is an authority due to distress, and as none of the human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above hearing the voice of it.—*Addison.*

☞ "THE THEATRE OF WAR."—They are doing such a tremendous stroke of business at this theatre that, for the present, all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the public press is suspended.—*London Punch.*

☞ When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by an infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.—*Swift.*

☞ "Lord!" said Mrs. Partington, "what monsters these cotton planters must be. I am told sold some on 'em have as many as a hundred hands."

☞ Had I a careful and pleasant companion that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Plutarch.*

IN Broadway, New York, on the 23rd, a man named Robert C. Macdonald, a cotton broker of Mobile, Alabama, well connected, shot, and severely injured, Virginia Stewart, a woman who had formerly been his mistress at Mobile, but who had refused to live any longer with him. He attempted to kill himself afterwards, but was prevented. He was taken to prison.

—Gen. Paez, who recently went home to Venezuela, after nine years exile, in great triumph, is now "back again" in New York. Cause, "political troubles," "negro revolts," &c. Funny place that South America.

GENERAL PAEZ, now in Venezuela, is said to have become so disgusted with the internal feuds of the country, that he has determined to soon leave for the United States, to spend the remainder of his days in retirement.

VICTOR F. WARD, of Louisville, the boy whose whipping by Butler, the school-teacher, was the first act in the Mat. Ward tragedy, died on the 26th ult.

THE FASHIONS.—"Tight sleeves are inevitable," say the ladies who read the signs of the times in the dial of fashion—and the last letter from Paris says: "Thirty flounces are necessary on a dress, and basques are entirely *hors du combat.*"

NEWS ITEMS.

MRS. WICKHAM'S CHEESEMONGER.—Mrs. Harriet Wickham, a London milliner, compounded with all her creditors but one, a cheesemonger, who wrote to her to the effect that he, or some one for him, would call upon her every ten minutes till the debt in full was liquidated. In carrying out this illegal resolution he came repeatedly knocking at the door, and ringing the bell violently. In the interim of these "calls," the defendant wrote to the complainant in a singular style on the loss of his butter and bacon. In one letter he exclaims, "Ah, would to Heaven my excellent butter and bacon had never been incorporated with your unworthy self!" Mrs. Wickham summoned the cheesemonger for annoying her, and the magistrate bound him over not to do so any more.—*London Paper.*

A NEW MEANS OF GRACE.—A new form of worship, as we have been informed, has just been inaugurated among the sect called Nazarites. At the late Bergen Camp Meeting, dancing as a separate exercise was encouraged and practised. Circles were formed, within which a space was kept clear, and then outside that circle quick step music was sung, and from one to four danced to regular time as regularly as in the ball room, bating the fact that the floor was rather rough. We cannot name all the tunes which were sung, but an informant gives us the names of two. They were "Yankee Doodle" and "Pop Goes the Weasel."

QUARREL BETWEEN THE ROMISH CHURCH AND THE FRENCH COURT.—The breach between the Archbishop of Paris and the Court is regarded as certain. The double refusal to officiate, both at the prayers at Notre Dame on the Emperor's departure, and again at the Te Deum for Magenta, is the cause. His Highness is said to have given the request to officiate at the Te Deum, an answer to which there is no reply possible. "I cannot join in thanksgiving for the murder of 15,000 human beings, nor raise a hymn of joy founded upon the pain and misery of others. But I will sing a De Profundis and Requiem for the souls of the departed with the greatest pleasure."

MOUSE POWER.—An ingenious Scotchman has trained a couple of mice to turn a small reel of twisting twine. The laborers run about ten miles a day, and reel from 108 to 120 threads. A half-penny's worth of oat meal lasts a mouse five weeks, and the clear annual profit of each animal per year is computed at six shillings. This beats the "industrious fleas."

BUNKER HILL RELICS.—One of the places in England just visited by Hon. R. C. Winthrop, was the old Chapter House of the Cheshire Cathedral, which is now the library; and here he saw two standards, somewhat tattered and torn, suspended over the doors. On inquiry, he was told that they were the standards of the Cheshire regiment, and that they were used in America, at a certain battle called Bunker's Hill; where, it was said, that only three of the this regiment escaped without injury of some sort. The keeper said that it was understood that the Americans got behind some sort of a fence or hedge, where they could shoot others without being hit themselves.

RESUSCITATION OF NEWSPAPERS.—The morning after the French occupation of Milan, several journals that had been suppressed by the Austrain Government re appeared. One had been suppressed five years, and in the last number had promised the "conclusion" of a story in the next. True to promise, the next, at the end of five years, took up the story where it had been left off, and concluded it.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says:—"As Nicholass Longworth, Esq., was sitting on the steps of a drinking-house on Third street, with his hat between his knees, waiting for a friend, a gentleman, a stranger, passed, and seeing 'old Nick's' ordinary garb and rather troubled countenance, supposed him to be one of the professional mendicants that often congregate there, and as he went by, dropped a quarter into the hat. 'Old Nick' perceived the mistake too late to rectify it, and pocketed the coin with a peculiar smile. The idea of mistaking the Cincinnati Crœsus—one of the richest men in America, worth probably from $5,000,000 to $6,000,000—for a street beggar, is rather droll, though not unnatural, as any one to look at the old gentleman and his extremely shabby dress, would not suppose his available means at the onside more than fifty cents."

CURIOUS FACT.—In the bay of Argostoli, in the island of Cephalonia, there are two streams which flow *from* the sea *into* the land, and one of them has been employed to turn a mill. Many hypotheses have been started to account for this phenomenon; some supposing a difference of level on different sides of the island, and that the stream flowing through a subterranean tunnel, restores the equilibrium; others suppose that some volcanic relations are involved, although there does not exist any recent volcanic formation in the neighborhood, and, during an earthquake, no effect was produced on these rivulets.

THE ART OF WAR.—The Paris Moniteur publishes a circular from M. Bouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, to all the rectors of academies, enjoining them to have all the bulletins of the army of Italy read to the public, and to have them posted up in the schools, as "youth is open to noble sentiments, and its heart is touched by great things, and devoted to the dynasties that know how to undertake them."

MR. T. C. EVANS, of N. Y., sailed in the Vanderbilt, for London, to try and arrange with Dickens, to come over and do some lectures, for which Evans agrees to pay a large sum in gold. Several parties have tried to make the same arrangement, but either the figures have not been sufficiently high, or the security stiff enough, to allure the wary novelist hither.

IMPORTANT FROM UTAH.—The New York Sun says that a Salt Lake City (Utah) correspondent notices the remarkable fact that the institution of polygamy is becoming unpopular among the Mormons since the accession of the recent large emigration from the States; and that Brigham Young is beset with applications for bills of divorce. In consequence of this state of affairs, the "Prophet" has issued orders to suspend the ceremony of "sealing."

POTATO ROT.—The Providence Journal says that the rot is making sad work in many of the potato fields of Rhode Island, and in some localities the crop will prove almost a total failure.

A SHARP REBUKE.—Mr. Webster wrote, after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper, which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially:—"It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is that I have not pressed those who owe me for payment. As an instance of this, I enclose your father's note, made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

MAKING ICE BY MACHINERY.—A machine for the manufacture of ice is now in operation in London, which turns out three tons of that commodity daily. It is the invention of a Mr. Harrison, of Australia. The refrigeration is produced by the evaporation of ether in a vacuum.

A TOUGH HYDE.—There is a man by the name of Hyde in Cincinnati who is 110 years of age, and has been married seven times.

A NEW IDEA.—At a camp meeting near Boston the choice of position for tents were sold at auction, and yielded $400.

MONS. GODARD INSPECTING PESCHIERA FROM A BALLOON.—The Paris correspondent of the Globe says:—The only incident reported from the quadrangular or quadrilateral scene of war is the balloon ascent of M. Godard before Peschiera, who has accurately inspected the present state of the works, the distribution of the garrison, and the nature of the approaches on every side. Gunboats brought up from Genoa in compartments, had been launched on Lake Garda, on the 30th of June.

SMILES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Ah, me, on our path through this troublesome world,
The flowers would grow thicker and sweeter for miles,
If we could but learn as we journey along,
To forget all the frowns and remember the smiles.

To think of the looks that are pleasant and kind,
To treasure the words that fall loving and low,
Looking over the thorns that are cruel and blind!
Seeing only the sunshine wherever we go.

The birds would sing bonnier all the day long,
The sunshine come cheerier after the rain,
Could we learn what each simple brook sings in its song,
That loving is pleasure and hating is pain.

Then away with all shadows of doubt and regret;
The presence of love every sorrow beguiles.
This world is a heaven of blessedness yet,
If we bury the frowns and remember the smiles.

Cleveland, Ohio.

MARIAN DEAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was many years ago that Mr. Carrington Bates came to our town to teach a singing-school. He was very good looking, I believe, at least people said he was, but I hated him, and with such good cause, that I never dare trust myself to tell what I thought of him. He came so well recommended by a long list of "reverends" and "honorables," and made such a fine appearance—so gentlemanly and respectable—that every door was open to him, and every one had a word of praise for him. He played the violin, and sang divinely, which was enough to set all the sentimental and musical part of the young people half crazy over him. As he had a melancholy air, and a story was soon trumped up that he had been crossed in love, of course all the women were in his favor, and he soon had a list of pupils and patrons that quite astonished the people themselves. He bore all his honors meekly and well; taking their attentions as a matter of course, being nothing more than he deserved, but in return for them he would be generous enough to teach them twice a week for a "consideration." So it was decided that every Tuesday and Friday night the village church should be lighted and warmed for him, and on other nights he was supposed to be engaged in adjoining towns.

This talk of the singing-school and the teacher had floated by me, and over my head, for I thought it was not meant for me until I heard that Philip Southey's name was on the list of pupils. Then I watched Mr. Carrington Bates as he rode down through the long, lane-like street that led from the village past the old farm-house where I lived, and wondered what a singing-school would be like, for I was sure I should go if Philip did. We were not engaged—Philip and I, at least, not formally, but it was somehow understood that I was to be mistress of the log-house he was building on his little farm. The farm was all paid for now, which accounted for his extravagance in attending singing-school. I was glad of it in my heart, for there was no music so dear to me as his voice, all untrained as it was; and as he always taught me the tunes he caught up from others, I was as sure I should go as if I had seen my name, Marian, beside his; just as he cut them on the bark of the old maple that hung over the spring in Mr. Dean's orchard.

I was an orphan bound-girl—bound to Mr. Dean when quite a child—bound by ties of love and gratitude, as well as by the law. They had no children living, and I was brought up as their own child. I believe they did everything for me they could, and, as they thought, for the best, but a child, living alone with two old people, must necessarily be, and feel, unlike other children. As I grew up these feelings kept pace with my years, and I felt sometimes as though I had never been young. Among others of my age I felt alone, for I could not understand them—only Philip Southey, with his great, kindly heart, and bright, honest face, where one could see his thoughts in his clear eyes. He came to be to me the type of everything good and desirable in this world; and who shall blame me if in my thoughts I gave him a place among the blest in the next?

Philip did come, just as I knew he would, and told me I was to go with him to the singing-school. Mother Dean looked up at me from under her spectacles when he told me, and said, smilingly,

"In my day a young man would *ask* a girl to go."

Father Dean patted me on the head and said,

"Bless her heart, we shall have her singing like the birds, shan't we, Phil?"

Philip said,

"The birds are good in their kind, and Marian's singing is good in its way now—pleasant to my ears always, but I don't believe it is perfect, for all that, and if the teacher fulfills half his promises he'll help us to get a little nearer perfection."

So it was settled that we should attend the singing-school. In, what seemed to me the great crowd of singers, I should have felt embarrassed and afraid if Philip had not sat just across the aisle where he could give me an encouraging, pleasant look now and then. I'll give Mr. Bates credit for being a good teacher, and nothing was heard in the town but talk of his sayings and doings, and his goodness.

After two or three schools there was a sudden change in the subject of conversation. A drover, named Barnard, while riding along a lonely road in the north part of the town was knocked from his horse and robbed, and now lay ill at a farm-house near. Of course all the country was horrified, and full of flying rumors. Every one had their opinion, and first and foremost in avowing his was Mr. Bates. It was some one in town, he said, or implied, in as many ways, and as many times as he possibly could; and as it was a light evening probably Mr. Barnard could describe him, or, at least, recognize him.

One night Philip was gone to an adjoining town, but promised to meet me at the singing-school and take me home if father would fetch me there. Philip did not come even at the intermission, and as I sat turning over the leaves of a singing-book, and listening to the merry words and laughter of a group that surrounded the teacher, a young man, who did not belong to the school, came in and spoke a few words to him. There were hurried exclamations, a few quick glances at me, then, the news, whatever it was, seemed to spread all over the house, and they gathered around the lights under the black-board to look at some small object which the teacher held in his hand. I went up to him, and, touching his arm, asked what it was. He held a small coin up to the light and said, as he looked steadily in my face,

"A counterfeit quarter that was taken from Mr. Barnard by the robber."

"The robber? who had it?"

"Philip Southey, and he is in jail now. He did not get off to-day as he intended."

All their eyes were fixed on my face, but I was so sure of Philip's innocence, in my own mind, that my pride came to my aid, and I said, calmly,

"I don't believe it."

Some said, "Shame!" and Mr. Bates said, with an offended air, if I doubted his word I might go and ask the sheriff. I walked back to my seat, and sat bolt upright, staring at the chalk notes on the black-board. It was all a farce, a mistake I felt, and would be explained on the morrow. There must have been some strange look on my face, for no one came near me, or spoke to me again; and as soon as the scholars took their seats the teacher was called out. He requested them to stay until he returned, but was gone so long that we did not sing any more that night. I was surprised to find father at the door waiting for me. He said Philip had sent for him, and he had stayed to go home with me.

"Why did not Philip come?" I asked. "Of course it is all explained now."

"Hush, child," he replied.

"Well, if it isn't, why shouldn't it be?" I cried, a little troubled by his manner.

"I hope it will be, but it is a hard case. There, don't take on! *I* don't believe him guilty, but one man's belief, or one man's word won't do any good while there is another man to swear against what the other says. It is a hard case."

How my heart sank as he went on to tell me the whole horrible truth. It seems Philip had that day offered a counterfeit coin to the toll-gate keeper, which was marked, and had been described by Mr. Barnard as being in his purse when he was robbed. The gate keeper took the money, but sent an officer after Philip, who said he took the money from Mr. Bates in change for a bill he gave him to pay for a singing-book. Mr. Bates said he had given no change for books—those who bought books bought them in the church, and, besides, Philip had not got a book. This was unfortunately true enough, for Philip had met him in the road, and paid him in advance for a book, which the teacher was to send him. There were no witnesses, and it was indeed a hard case.

Sleep did not come to my pillow that night, nor the next, for the next day Mr. Barnard was taken to see Philip, and declared, that to the best of his belief, he was the man who had robbed him. The cloud that hung over us all was growing darker; public feeling was against him. Almost every one was on his side at first, but now they wondered how he could be such a hypocrite. They insulted him in his prison by professing to believe there was a gang of robbers in the neighborhood, and urged him to turn "state's evidence." I believe he bore it all bravely, and like a Christian, but I did not. I had been taught to hide my feelings, but I fretted in secret. Father thought it was best that I should continue to attend the singing-school, and I did, though it cost me more sorrow than he knew of to sing all the evening, within a stone's throw of the jail, where he, who was my "all in all" on earth, lay in trouble and darkness.

"There's no knowing what might have happened, little girl, but you are not his wife nor his sweetheart," father said, "and there's no use in making people talk."

How heartily I wished that I were either, or anything to him—had any claim on him that I could name so that I might go to him, to comfort him, or mourn over him in the face of the world. I might send him messages by father, but what could I say to him? I believed him innocent, but he knew that. So I crushed down my heart, and went to the singing school just as I had done before.

Every night I heard the pupils and teacher talking over the robbery, but they were either very merciful to me or afraid, for they never mentioned Philip's name in my hearing. One night father had some business in the village, so he went early, and left me to wait at the hotel until the church was opened. When I entered the little sitting-room of the hotel, Mr. Barnard was lying on the sofa talking with a friend who sat near him. He had just taken off his cravat, and was showing his throat to his friend. I looked, too, and saw three greenish brown spots, two near together, and one alone just above them.

"Odd," said his friend, carelessly. "It looks as if the hand that made those marks had lost the middle finger."

Then they went on talking on different subjects, until a sleigh drove up to the door. It was Mr. Carrington Bates. Mr. Barnard's friend went out, and through the open door I saw the fine sleigh, with the light from the hall lanterns shining down on the bear-skin, robes and gilded harness. Mr. Bates had a friend with him, a Mr. Congreve, who, he had promised, would visit the school, and sing for the scholars. I watched the two tall figures, muffled in furs, laughing and talking merrily with the landlord, and thought of dear Philip in his prison. Mr. Barnard rose to shut the door, and then settled himself on the sofa for a nap. I turned to a book of bound magazines that lay on the table, but I could not interest myself in them, for my eyes were continually turning to the little pale man on the sofa whose words had worked so much misery for me.

I heard, as in a dream, the door of the next room open and shut, a clinking of glasses on the table, and a confused murmur of voices. There was a large hole in the wall where the stove-pipe once had passed through, and was now merely papered over, so conversation in one room was heard plainly in the next. Whoever were in the next room, were talking very low and guardedly—but after the glasses had clinked a few times, the voices rose. It was Mr. Bates and his friend. I knew his voice, though it was very unlike the one he used in the church; and such words!—mingled with the most horrid oaths, and blasphemy. I knew it was wrong for me to listen, but I could not help it. I read, and looked at the engravings, to make sure I was not dreaming. I walked about the floor, and rustled the papers on the table, to let them know the parlor was not empty; but they did not hear me. Mr. Barnard was sound asleep, and breathing softly. If it had been any one else, I would have wakened him, for an inexpressible feeling of loneliness and fear came over me. I held my hands over my ears, but I could not shut out their horrible talk.

"Bah!" I heard Mr. Bates say, with a laugh, "I went to see the old fool, and advised him to put a meat poultice on his neck—the old whimperer!"

"By Jove," cried Mr. Congreve, admiringly, "you're a bold one, Carr, and could always come the respectable dodge better than I. Blast your eyes! you'll get nabbed yet."

"Nab your grandmother!" said Mr. Bates, angrily. "It takes a rogue—you understand, and these people are all fools, so they pitched upon the biggest fool among them."

The church bell rang just then, and the two men, to my great relief, left the room. Their conversation had no meaning for me, but was simply disgusting and horrible; so much so, that I could hardly bear to take my old seat in the church, when they too were standing before the pulpit. Their faces were a little reddened, but they were both perfectly cool and gentlemanly. A glee class had been formed, and at father's request, I had joined it. Mr. Bates was to go around that night, and try their voices separately, so that he might class and seat them as he liked. I sat far back from the front, and dreaded his approach, not so much because I was afraid to sing alone, but because I loathed him. I noticed, as he came up the aisle, that he was about Philip's height and size, and I hated him for it. He came at last and leaned over the pew door, so that I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"Now, Marian, bird," said he, holding the bow on the strings of his violin, ready to accompany me. I was startled by his familiarity, and glanced scornfully up at him, and at the white hand which held the bow. The middle finger of his right hand, to the second joint, was gone! It flashed upon me. I did not sing. I sprang to my feet, and seized his arm, while my voice rang shrilly through the house.

"Robber! murderer! your hand, your hand!"

His face whitened, but he shook me off, as coolly as he would a spider that had dropped on his sleeve, and, with a grasp that was in reality like iron, but seemed gentle as a woman's, thrust me back into my seat. I struggled fiercely, and shrieked out my charges against him, and my sorrow for Philip, for my feelings had been too long pent up and hidden, to stop for anything now. Some of the timid ones fled, and the curious gathered about me. They almost suffocated me.

"She is mad, poor thing," said Mr. Bates, as I leaned back in the pew, gasping for breath.

I was not mad—I saw Mr. Congreve's pale, frightened face in the background, and cried out to him, that, if he was a man, he would tell the truth, and not let the law do double murder. Mr. Congreve cowered down out of sight; and Mr. Bates said his friend was so tender-hearted, he was not fit to live in this hard world, and he had better go right off to his hotel.

His coolness baffled me, and turned everything that was in my favor, against me. He was so full of pity and forgiveness, for me, his accuser, that they looked upon him as almost a demigod. If he had let me alone—if they had not crowded about me so, I should have grown calm, but he kept near me, and talked to me, and about me, until it seemed that I should go mad in reality. When they brought a sleigh to the door, to take me home, he got in too, and with his most devilish cunning, kept me in a perfect fever of terror and hate all the way. It was easy enough then to cheat father Dean with his story, for he had never seen his quiet little Marian in such a mood before.

They added so much to my behaviour in the church, and Mr. Bates was so respectable, and so melancholy about it, that every one took it for granted I was crazy; and the children in the streets, called me "crazy Marian." I was not crazy, though I may have seemed so, for I always talked of what was uppermost in my mind, in the vain hope that some one would believe me; and people said, "'t'was all for love, and 't'was a pity I should set my heart on such a hardened villain as Philip Southey." It *was* for love, but it was also for justice, and what I would have done for any innocent soul, suffering wrongfully.

Philip's trial was put off, until the early fall. The trial was a mockery—I say it in the face of the world. Friendless, without money or influence, he was kept in the jail of his native village, within sight and hearing of the places where his childhood was spent, was kept to pine, and to weary himself out with hopeless wishes, while his enemies were getting stronger proof against him. The truth was bad enough—and may God forgive those who lied about him. He had, on the night of the robbery, travelled over that same road—and although father swore that he had called at his house at half-past nine, that was nothing in his favor, as Mr. Barnard could not tell what time in the evening he was robbed, and the horse Philip rode was a very swift one. His case was hopeless; he was tried and found guilty. In consideration of his youth, his previous good character, and his *repentance*, he was only sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, with hard labor. *Only* ten of his best years, and his whole life made miserable, by the shame and degradation of the prison. Father said it was unjust—and some of them hinted that he had helped secrete the money, which had never been found.

In one week, Philip was to be removed to the prison. I knew it was of no use to appeal to father, or any one else, for the privilege of seeing him; so late in the evening I stole up to my little room, opened the drawer, and took from their many wrappings, my mother's gold beads. This was the one golden link that bound me to that mother whom I could not remember. I waited until father and mother Dean were asleep, and then stole out, along the lonesome street, to the village. I hurried past the lighted stores and offices—the windows, where I could see such dear glimpses of homes—and past the church, which I hated because I had there first seen Carrington Bates. Past all these, to the great dismal jail. I found the jailor, and put my precious beads in his hands. I don't know what I said to him, but he threw them back, as though they had been a serpent and had bitten him, and took me along the cold stone corridors, to the room where I found Philip. I thought I had come to comfort him, but he was braver than I. All his wrongs could not break his noble spirit, nor bow it down, so long as he could feel that he was innocent. He had fretted at first, for my sake, and because it was unjust, but he was resigned now. It was almost the resignation of despair, but I would not disturb his calmness by telling him what I heard in the hotel. I would not add one drop to the bitterness of his cup, nor to the bitter thoughts he must have in his lonely life. I told him I believed him innocent.

"I know it," he said, calmly, "I have known it all along, and it has helped me to look my accusers in the face. It is better to be wronged, than to do wrong—and ten years are not much, Marian."

There in that prison room, I promised, that, at the end of ten years, if God spared both our lives, I would be his wife—that I would love and remember him through all those ten years; and at the end, we would begin life together, anew.

The jailor came for me, and he bade me "good bye," cheerfully; but when I looked back in the doorway, he had covered his face with his manacled hands. I fear his spirit was not so calm as his words.

Five years of the ten had nearly passed away, and I was working at a farmer's, many miles from my old home. Father and mother were both dead, and I was alone in the world. We had almost starved on the little farm; and when it was sold and the debts were paid, there was just nothing coming to me. I did not care, for I was young and strong, and had something to work for. I laid up all my little earnings, so that we, Philip and I, would have enough to take us away from that place, and make a beginning somewhere else. By some flaw in the deed, or quibbling of the lawyers, his little farm had gone back to its former owner, long before his trial, and now ran to common. And the house, that was to have been our happy home, still stood, four logs high, just as he left it.

I grow faint and sick even now, when I think how I looked forward to the day when I could say, "The time is half gone; only five years more, and Philip will be free!" Five years! Would Philip still love me? I looked in the glass, and noticed the sharp outlines of my face. Five years more, and the brown hair he praised would be streaked with silver. I was sorry, for his sake, that I was not growing beautiful; that he might be proud of me, and say, "Look at her; she trusted me when all the world thought me guilty, and loved and cherished me through all my degradation."—This did not trouble me, for I believed he could judge me by my heart.

Near the close of the fifth year, a letter was brought me, written in a strange hand, and post-marked at my native village. It contained only this:

"If Marian Dean will be at the hotel in this village, at noon, on the 10th of this month, she may hear of something to her advantage.

"L. RANKIN, Postmaster."

What could it mean? What could be of advantage to me, but to hear good news from Philip? It was a mystery, but people advised me to go, and as it was already the 8th, I had no time to lose, so the next day I took the stage, and, at the appointed hour, entered the sitting-room of the hotel, where my first trouble in life began. What was my surprise on finding there Mr. Barnard. He caught both my hands in his, and said, solemnly,

"Miss Dean, I ask your forgiveness. On my honor, I believe he was innocent."

He sat down on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and began to sob. I could not comprehend it. I felt as if I was in the same half-awake state I was on that horrid night when he lay asleep on that same sofa. I stood before him without speaking, only trying to think. At length he looked up.

"I'll make all the reparation in my power," he said, beseechingly. "Don't look at me so; I tell you it was an awful mistake. You know they were nearly of a size, and—well, I was frightened, and it was dark. I don't doubt but what you can tell the same story now, eh?"

Was the man mad, or was I? I could not tell.

"You'll come over to the jail and see him now, won't you?"

"See who?" I asked.

"Carr. It is the strangest thing! Everybody thought him so respectable until he was caught in this last robbery, and he has boasted of so many crimes since he has found that he cannot escape, that I thought, perhaps—"

"Who is Carr?" I cried, for a light seemed breaking in upon me.

"He was known here as Carrington Bates, and followed the profession of teacher of singing," he replied, beginning to reel off his sentences, just as he had read them from the hand-bills that had been scattered about, offering a reward for his apprehension.

I did not hear any more, for my mind was filled with one thought. Justice would be done at last, though we had waited so long for it. It was hard to believe that it was so near, but I hardly trembled as I stood there, for I had schooled myself to be calm, since the time when I spoiled Philip's last chance for liberty by my wildness. I believe Mr. Barnard thought I was not glad, for he looked at me strangely.

"You think you can tell the story right straight along, don't you?" he asked. "This running about, and jumping across a story, don't do any good, and won't pass in law, you know."

I did not know anything about law, but I knew that I was resolved to help Philip, and that all the cunning of Carrington Bates should not baffle me. After I had listened as patiently as I could to Mr. Barnard's story of the strange chance by which he had been detected, and how curious it was that he should be taken there for trial, and everything should happen so strangely, we went over to the jail.

How well I remembered the chill stillness of the stone corridors, and shuddered when the jailor opened for us the same door he opened for me the last time I saw Philip! But the loud, derisive laugh that greeted us put all thoughts of that time out of my mind. There sat Carrington Bates. Not the elegant and refined teacher of music, but reckless and hardened in appearance and words, the Carrington Bates I had heard talking in the private parlor of the hotel.

"Have you come to tell me that I sent Philip Southey to prison?" he cried. "That's no news to *me*. But wasn't it well done, though?"

He threw himself back and laughed, while Mr. Barnard looked at him as though horror-stricken.

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," he continued, "and the adorable Philip, too, for he has kept me five years more a *gentleman*, ahem! If they hadn't all been fools, though, he couldn't have done it; so I suppose I must thank them, too. But you—the devil! how like a little tigress you sprang at me! How I'd liked to have throttled you—and you played eavesdropper, too, eh?"

He clenched his handsome hands, and shook them, as though he imagined he had me by the throat.

Mr. Barnard walked to the door.

"Ha! ha!" he cried after him, "*you* know how it feels, don't you? But what do you want here, old buzzard?"

"I want to repair a wrong I have done," replied Mr. Barnard, with more courage than he had shown before. "You robbed me—"

"I know that, old boy," he said, coolly, and began humming a tune which he had taught us in the pleasant old days before a cloud hid my sunshine.

I pitied the man, so hardened and fallen, so different from what he might have been, if he had not degraded the many good gifts which God gave him. He seemed perfectly conscious that his race was run, and gave up with a kind of reckless despair that was pitiful to see.

"Little fool!" he said, scornfully, "what are you crying for? Don't you think I'll give the devil his due, and myself credit, for all the smart things I have done? Go home, will you? I want a prettier picture in my room than your little pinched face. As for you," he continued, after a short pause, turning to Mr. Barnard, "you like my company, don't you?—You are ready to die, almost, now, because you must tear yourself away from me. Eh, my little man?"

Mr. Barnard stepped over the threshold, to make sure that he was out of the reach of those cruel hands, and said, in a low voice,

"I can forgive you for robbing me, but I can't forgive you for making me your tool."

The prisoner answered, with a low bow:

"I beg your pardon, my most venerable and worthy cat! but your paw is not the only one I have burned while poking my chestnuts about. Save your breath to blow your burns, and don't come round me with your holy indignation. I'm tired of you, stupid."

Mr. Barnard beckoned to me, and we silently left him.

He was as good as his word. He told the whole story, boastingly, and cleared Philip from all blame. He confessed that he had given him the marked coin, and had managed everything so as to throw suspicion on him.

I don't like to think now of the anxious days that passed before I got the precious papers that would free my darling, and was on my way to meet him. Hours seemed like years to me, but they soon passed by, as, God be thanked! all troublous times will; and I did thank Him when I saw my brave, sober-faced Philip—when I threw my arms about him, over his prison dress, and could say,

"Husband, you are free and innocent in the eyes of the world, as you have always been in mine!"

We were married there by the chaplain of the prison, and together we journeyed back to my old home. With what a sober kind of joy my Philip rejoiced in his freedom, and whispered to me again,

"It is better to be wronged than to do wrong, Marian. I never knew how beautiful the world was before."

Mr. Barnard bought Philip's little farm back for us, and we were to pay him in small sums, as we got able; and my savings stocked it, and helped to build a new house, where the old walls, four logs high, lay crumbling. We were both still young, stout-hearted, and stout-handed, and have been very happy since—soberly and gratefully happy.

Of Carrington Bates I have not heard since he was imprisoned for life; he is dead to the world and to me, only his memory haunts me sometimes in my dreams.

THE ORIGIN OF QUIZ.—Mr. Smart, the editor of "Walker Remodelled," gives the following account of the origin of a word which some writers have traced to learned roots. The words *quiz*, *to quiz*, *quizzing*, which are only in colloquial use, originated in a joke. Daly, the manager of a Dublin play-house, wagered that a word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the city in twenty-four hours—and in the course of that time the letters q, u, i, z, were chalked or posted on all the walls of Dublin, with an effect that won the wager.

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,
AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till that day, when many that are great shall be small, and the small great: but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep. Their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the very annals that record them. The general reader cannot feel them, they are presented so curtly and coldly: they are not like breathing stories appealing to his heart, but little historic hailstones striking him only to glance off his bosom: nor can he understand them; for epitomes are not narratives, as skeletons are not human figures.

Thus records of prime truths sometimes remain a dead letter to plain folk; the writers have left so much to the imagination, and imagination is so rare a gift. Here, then, the writer of fiction may be of use to the public—as an interpreter.

There is a musty chronicle, written in tolerable Latin, and in it a chapter where every sentence holds a fact. Here is told, with harsh brevity, the strange history of a pair, who lived untrumpeted, and died unsung, four hundred years ago; and lie now, as unpitied, in that stern page, as fossils in a rock. Thus, living or dead, fate is still unjust to them. Yet if I can but show you what is involved in that dry chronicler's words, methinks you will correct the indifference of centuries, and give those two sore-tried souls a place in your heart—for a few weeks.

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century. Louis XI. was sovereign of France; Edward IV. was wrongful King of England; and Philip "the Good," having by force and cunning dispossessed his cousin Jacqueline, and broken her heart, reigned undisturbed this many years in Holland, where our tale begins.

Gerard, and Catherine his wife, lived in the little town of Tergou. He traded, wholesale and retail, in cloth, silk, brown holland, and, above all, in curried leather, a material highly valued by the middling people, because it would stand twenty years' wear, and turn a knife if not fresh sharpened; no small virtue in a jerkin of that century, in which folk were so liberal of their steel: even at dinner a man would leave his meat awhile, and carve you his neighbor, on a very moderate difference of opinion.

The couple were well to do, and would have been free from all earthly care, but for nine children. When these were coming into the world, one per annum, each was hailed with rejoicings, and the saints were thanked, not expostulated with; and when parents and children were all young together, the latter were looked upon as lovely little playthings invented by Heaven for the amusement, joy, and evening solace, of people in business.

But as the olive branches shot up, and the parents grew older, and saw with their own eyes the fate of large families, misgivings and care mingled with their love. They belonged to a singularly wise and provident people: in Holland reckless parents were as rare as disobedient children. So now when the huge loaf came in on a gigantic trencher, looking like a fortress in its moat, and, the tour of the table once made, seemed to have melted away, Gerard and Catherine would look at one another and say,

"Who is to find bread for them all when we are gone?"

At this observation the younger ones needed all their filial respect, to keep their little Dutch countenances; for in their humble opinion dinner and supper came by nature like sunrise and sunset, and, so long as that luminary should travel round the earth, so long *must* the brown loaf go round their family circle, and set in their stomachs only to rise again in the family oven. But the remark awakened the national thoughtfulness of the elder boys, and being often repeated, set several of the family thinking, some of them good thoughts, some ill thoughts, according to the nature of the thinkers.

"Kate, the children grow so, this table will soon be too small."

"We cannot afford it, Gerard," replied Catherine, answering not his words, but his thought, after the manner of women.

Their anxiety for the future took at times a less dismal but more mortifying turn. The free burghers had their pride as well as the nobles; and these two could not bear that any of their blood should go down in the burgh after their decease.

So by prudence and self-denial they managed to clothe all the little bodies, and feed all the great mouths, and yet put by a small hoard to meet the future; and, as it grew, and grew, they felt a pleasure the miser hoarding for himself knows not.

One day the eldest boy but one, aged nineteen, came to his mother, and, with that outward composure which has so misled some persons as to the real nature of this people, begged her to intercede with his father to send him to Amsterdam, and place him with a merchant.

"It is the way of life that likes me: merchants are wealthy; I am good at numbers; prithee, good mother, take my part in this, and I shall ever be, as I am now, your debtor."

Catherine threw up her hand, with dismay and incredulity.

"What, leave Tergou!"

"What *is one street* to me more than another? If I can leave the folk of Tergou, I can surely leave the stones."

"What! abandon your poor father, now he is no longer young!"

"Mother, if I can leave you, I can leave him."

"What, leave your poor brothers and sisters, that love you so dear?"

"There are enough in the house without me."

"What mean you, Richart? Who is more thought of than you? Stay, have I spoken sharp to you? Have I been unkind to you?"

"Never that I know of; and if you had, you should never hear of it from me. Mother," said Richart, gravely, but the tear was in his eye, "it all lies in a word. And nothing can change my mind. There will be one mouth less for you to feed."

"There, now, see what my tongue has done," said Catherine, and the next moment she began to cry. For she saw her first young bird on the edge of the nest trying his wings, to fly into the world. Richart had a calm, strong will, and she knew he never wasted a word.

It ended as nature has willed all such discourse shall end: young Richart went to Amsterdam with a face so long and sad as it had never been seen before, and a heart like granite.

That afternoon at supper there was one mouth less. Catherine looked at Richart's chair and wept bitterly. On this Gerard shouted roughly and angrily to the children, "Sit wider! can't ye: sit wider!" and turned his head away over the back of his seat awhile, and was silent.

Richart was launched; and never cost them another penny: but to fit him out and place him in the house of Vander Stegen the merchant took all the little hoard but one gold crown. They began again. Two years passed. Richart found a niche in commerce for his brother Jacob, and Jacob left Tergou directly after dinner, which was at eleven in the forenoon. At supper that day Gerard remembered what had happened the last time; so he said, in a low whisper, "Sit wider, dears!" Now, until that moment, Catherine *would* not see the gap at table, for her daughter Catherine had besought her not to grieve to-night, and she had said, "No, sweetheart, I promise I will not, since it vexes my children." But when Gerard whispered "Sit wider!" says she, "Ay! the table will soon be too big for the children: and you thought it would be too small:" and having delivered this with forced calmness, she put up her apron the next moment, and wept sore.

"'Tis the best that leave us," sobbed she, "that is the cruel part."

"Nay! nay!" said Gerard, "our children are good children, and all are dear to us alike. Heed her not! What God takes from us still seems better than what he spares to us: that is to say, men are by nature unthankful—and women silly."

"And I say Richart and Jacob were the flower of the flock," sobbed Catherine.

The little coffer was empty again, and to fill it they gathered like ants. In those days speculation was pretty much confined to the card-and-dice business. Gerard knew no way to wealth but the slow and sure one. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was his humble creed. All that was not required for the business, and the necessaries of life, went into the little coffer with steel bands and florid key. They denied themselves in turn the humblest luxuries, and then, catching one another's looks, smiled; perhaps with a greater joy than self-indulgence has to bestow. And so in three years more they had gleaned enough to set up their fourth son as a master tailor, and their eldest daughter as a robe-maker, in Tergou. Here were two more provided for: their own trade would enable them to throw work into the hands of this pair. But the coffer was drained to the dregs, and this time the shop too bled a little in goods if not in coin.

Alas! there remained on hand two that were unable to get their bread, and two that were unwilling. The unable ones were, 1, Giles, a dwarf, of the wrong sort, half stupidity, half malice, all head and claws and voice, run from by dogs and unprejudiced females, and sided with through thick and thin by his mother; 2, Little Catherine, a poor girl that could only move on crutches. She lived in pain, but smiled through it, with her marble face and violet eyes and long, silky lashes: and fretful or repining word never came from her lips. The unwilling ones were Sybrandt, the youngest, a ne'er do well, too much in love with play to work, and Cornelius, the eldest, who had made calculations of his own, and stuck to the hearth, waiting for dead men's shoes. Almost worn out by their repeated efforts, and above all dispirited by the moral and physical infirmities of those that now remained on hand, the anxious couple would often say, "What will become of all these when we shall be no longer here to take charge of them?" But when they had said this a good many times, suddenly the domestic horizon cleared, and then they used still to say it, because a habit is a habit, but they uttered it half mechanically now instead of despondently, and added brightly and cheerfully, "but thanks to St. Bavon and all the saints, there's Gerard!!"

CHAPTER II.

Young Gerard was for many years of his life a son apart and distinct; object of no fears and no great hopes. No fears; for he was going into the Church; and the Church could always maintain her children by hook or by crook in those days; no great hopes, because his family had no interest with the great to get him a benefice, and the young man's own habits were frivolous, and, indeed, such as our cloth merchant would not have put up with any one but a clerk that was to be. His two main trivialities were reading and penmanship, and he was so wrapt up in them that often he could hardly be got away to his meals. The day was never long enough for him; and he carried ever a tinder-box and brimstone matches, and begged ends of candles of the neighbors, which he lighted at unreasonable hours—ay, even at eight of the clock at night at winter, when the very Burgomaster was a-bed. Endured at home, his practices were encouraged by the monks of a neighboring convent. They had taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day they discovered, in the middle of a lesson, that he was teaching them. They pointed this out to him in a merry way; he hung his head and blushed; he had suspected as much himself, but mistrusted his judgment in that matter. "But, my son," said an elderly monk, "how is it that you, to whom God has given an eye so true, a hand so supple yet firm, and a love of these beautiful crafts, how is it you do not color as well as write? a scroll looks but barren unless a border of fruit, and leaves, and rich arabesques surround the good words, and charm the sense as those do the soul and understanding; to say nothing of the pictures of holy men and women departed, with which the several chapters should be adorned, and not alone the eye soothed with the brave and sweetly blended colors, but the heart lifted by effigies of the Saints in glory. Answer me, my son."

At this Gerard was confused, and muttered that he had made several trials at illuminating, but had not succeeded well; and thus the matter rested.

Soon after this a fellow enthusiast came on the scene in the unwonted form of an old lady. Margaret, sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck, left Flanders, and came to end her days in her native country. She bought a small house near Tergou. In course of time she heard of Gerard, and saw some of his handywork; it pleased her so well that she sent her female servant, Richt Heynes, to ask him to come to her. This led to an acquaintance; it could hardly be otherwise, for little Tergou had never held so many as two zealots of this sort before. At first the old lady damped Gerard's courage terribly. At each visit she pulled out of holes and corners drawings and paintings, some of them by her own hand, that seemed to him unapproachable; but if the artist overpowered him, the woman kept his heart up. She and Richt soon turned him inside out like a glove. Among other things, they drew from him what the good monks had failed to hit upon, the reason why he did not illuminate, viz., that he could not afford the gold, the blue, and the red, but only the cheap earths; and that he was afraid to ask his mother to buy the choice colors, and was sure he should ask her in vain. Then Margaret Van Eyck gave him a little brush-gold, and some vermillion, and ultramarine, and a piece of good vellam to lay them on. He almost adored her. As he left the house Richt ran after him with a candle and two quarters; he quite kissed her. But better even than the gold and lapis lazuli to the illuminator was the sympathy to the isolated enthusiast. That sympathy was always ready, and, as he returned it, an affection sprung up between the old painter and the young calligrapher that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary, nor were those who practised them; and it was an age in which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter or writer of our day, let me remind him that Christians loved one another, at first starting.

Backed by an acquaintance so venerable, and strengthened by female sympathy, Gerard advanced in learning and skill. His spirits, too, rose visibly; he still looked behind him when dragged to dinner in the middle of an initial G; but once seated showed great social qualities; likewise a gay humor, that had hitherto but peeped in him, shone out, and often he set the table in a roar, and kept it there, sometimes with his own wit, sometimes with jests which were glossy new to his family, being drawn from antiquity.

As a return for all he owed his friends the monks, he made them exquisite copies from two of their choicest MSS., viz., the life of their founder, and their Comedies of Terence, the monastery finding the vellum.

The high and puissant Prince, Philip "the Good," Duke of Burgundy, Luxemburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zeland, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, Lord of Salins and Macklyn—was versatile.

He could fight as well as any King going; and he could lie as well as any except the King of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honor, and paintings generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van Eyck. He had also a particular fancy for giants, dwarfs, and Turks; these last he had ever about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises; but the moment he had got them he baptised them by brute force in a large tub; and, this done, let them squat with their faces towards Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by orientals to run down hares and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except humdrum virtues. For anything singularly pretty, or diabolically ugly, this was your customer. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor; and the next best was, he fostered the arts in earnest; whereof he now gave a signal proof. He offered prizes for the best specimens of "orfevrerie" in two kinds, religious and secular; item for the best paintings in white of eggs, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal as the artist chose; item for the best transparent painting on glass; item for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum; item for the fairest writing on vellum. The Burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poor competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was cried by the bellman through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat—Gerard's. He told his family he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his conceit and audacity; but one horrid laugh exploded on the floor like a petard. Gerard looked down, and there was the dwarf, whose very whisper was a bassoon, slit and fanged from ear to ear at his expense, and laughing like a lion. Nature relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. He was like those stunted wide mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications; they are more like a flower-pot than a cannon; but, oda tympana, how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. White Catherine saw, and a pink tinge just perceptible came to her cheek. She said softly,

"Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother you think he cannot be capable. Yes, Gerard, try with the rest. Many say you are skillful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to guide your hand."

"Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to our Lady, and our mother shall buy vellum and the colors to illuminate with."

"What will they cost?"

"Two gold crowns," (about three shillings and fourpence English money.)

"What?" screamed the housewife; "when the bushel of rye costs but a groat! What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that; the lightning from Heaven would fall on me, and my children would all be beggars."

"Mother?" sighed little Catherine, imploringly.

"Oh! it is in vain, Kate," said Gerard, with a sigh. "I shall have to give it up, or ask the dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think it shame to be for ever taking from her."

"It is not her affair," said Catherine, very sharply; "what has she to do coming between me and my son?" And she left the room with a red face. Little Catherine smiled. Presently the housewife returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and the two little gold pieces in her hand.

"There, sweetheart," said she, "you won't have to trouble dame or demoiselle for two paltry crowns."

But on this Gerard fell a thinking how he could spare her purse.

"One will do, mother. I will ask the good monks to let me send my copy of their 'Terence;' it is on snowy vellum, and I can write no better; so then I shall only need six sheets of vellum for my borders and miniatures, and gold for my ground, and prime colors—one crown will do."

"Never spoil the ship for want of a bit of tar, Gerard," said this changeable mother. But she added, "Well, there, I will put the crown in my pocket. That won't be like putting it back in the box. Going to the box to take out instead of putting in—it is like going to my heart with a knife for so many drops of blood. You will be sure to want it, Gerard. The house is never built for less than the builder counted on."

Sure enough, when the time came, Gerard longed to go to Rotterdam and see the Duke, and above all to see the work of his competitors, and so get a lesson from defeat. And the crown came out of the housewife's pocket with a very good grace. Gerard would soon be a priest. It seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating himself from it for life.

The day before he went, Margaret Van Eyck asked him to take a letter for her, and when he came to look at it, somewhat to his surprise he found it was addressed to the Princess Marie, at the Stadthouse, in Rotterdam.

The day before the prizes were to be distributed, Gerard started for Rotterdam thus equipped; he had a doublet of silver-gray cloth with sleeves, and a jerkin of the same over it, but without sleeves. From his waist to his heels he was clad in a pair of tight-fitting buckskin hose fastened by laces (called points) to his doublet. His shoes were pointed, in moderation, and secured by a strap that passed under the hollow of the foot. On his head and the back of his neck he wore his flowing hair, and pinned to his back between his shoulders was his hat; it was further secured by a purple silk ribbon little Kate passed round him from the sides of the hat, and knotted neatly on his breast; below his hat, attached to the upper rim of his broad waist belt, was his leathern wallet. When he got within a league of Rotterdam he was pretty tired, but he soon fell in with a pair that were more so. He found an old man sitting by the roadside quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand, with a face full of concern. The country people trudged by and noticed nothing amiss; but Gerard, as he passed, drew conclusions. Even dress tells a tale to those who study it so closely as our illuminator was wont to. The old man wore a gown, and a fur tippet, and a velvet cap, sure signs of dignity; but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth; yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended half way up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery; and her head-dress was new to Gerard; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open net-work of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices; in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a solid wave, and supported behind in a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came towards them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man, "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner, said, that it was her fault: she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No! no!" said the old man; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering,

"Father, a stranger—a young man!"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, cut with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box; lighted a match, then a candle-end, then the sticks, and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach, and took a good blow; then looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her:

"Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake: there's a cleft stick to hold it safe with;" and with this he set off running towards a cornfield at some distance. Whilst he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent with wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He reined in his mule.

"Why, Peter—Margaret—" said he, almost fiercely, "what mummery is this?"

Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said,

"My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on."

"What! reduced to feed by the roadside like the Bohemians?" said Ghysbrecht, and his hand went into his purse; but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment, who should come bounding up but Gerard. He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part; then suddenly recognizing the Burgomaster, he colored all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse.

"Oh," said he, bitterly, "I am not wanted," and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise.

"By St. Bavon, I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup," said he.

When the young man put that interpretation on Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gaily on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty.—And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one half the coin in that plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl who sat by the roadside fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse; the remorse that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard but honest man, the touchstone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he has seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father on terms that look familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

A man there came, whence none could tell,
Bearing a Touchstone in his hand;
And tested all things in the land
By its unerring spell.

Quick birth of transmutation smote
The fair to foul, the foul to fair;
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusty coat.

Of heir-loom jewels, prized so much,
Were many changed to chips and clods,
And even statues of the gods
Crumbled beneath its touch.

Then angrily the people cried,
"The loss outweighs the profit far;
Our goods suffice us as they are;
We will not have them tried."

And since they could not so avail
To check his unrelenting quest,
They seized him, saying—"Let him test
How real is our jail!"

But, though they slew him with the sword,
And in a fire his touchstone burned,
Its doings could not be o'erturned,
Its undoings restored.

And when, to stop all future harm,
They strewed its ashes on the breeze:
They little guessed each grain of there
Conveyed the perfect charm.

PROOF OF A SOUL.—It is a known fact that the matter composing the human body constantly undergoes a complete change. This, then, being the case, let us again ask what it is that was identical in the Duke of Wellington dying at Walmer, in 1852, with the Duke of Wellington commanding at Waterloo, in June, 1815? Assuredly it was not possible that there should have been a single particle of matter common to his body on the two occasions. The interval consisting of thirty-seven years and two months, the entire mass of matter composing his body must have undergone a complete change several hundred times—yet no one doubts that there was *something* there that *did not* undergo a change, except in its relation to the mutable body, and which possessed the same thought, memory, and consciousness, and constituted the personal identity of the individual; and since it is as demonstrable as any proposition in geometry that *that something* which thus abode in the body, retaining the consciousness of the past, could not have been an atom, or any number of atoms, of matter, it must necessarily have been something *not matter*, that is to say, something *spiritual*.

☞ HOW TO AVOID SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—Persons wishing to avoid sleepless nights should lie with their heads to the north, and not on any account with their heads to the west.—*Timbs's Things not Generally Known.*

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.

Mr. Stryver having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation. After some mental debating of the point, he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term, or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary.

As to the strength of his case, he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way to the verdict. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds—the only grounds ever worth taking into account—it was a plain case, and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself for the plaintiff, there was no getting over his evidence, the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief, and the jury did not even turn to consider. After trying it, Stryver C. J. was satisfied that no plainer case could be.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh; that unaccountably failing too, it behooved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Towards Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Anybody who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of all weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manettes, it entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank, and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So, he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two ancient cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great books ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and everything under the clouds were a sum.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well?"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place, or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading the paper quite in the far-off perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waistcoat.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, sir?" and shook hands. There was a peculiarity in his manner of shaking hands, always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who shook hands with a customer when the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self-abnegating way, as one who shook for Tellson & Co.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Stryver?" asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

"Why, no thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the House afar off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk; whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him; "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh, dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh dear you, sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning?" answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it does you the greatest credit, and—in short, my meaning is everything you could desire. But—really, you know, Mr. Stryver—" Mr. Lorry paused, and shook his head at him in the oddest manner, as if he were compelled against his will to add, internally, "you know there really is so much too much of you!"

"Well," said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, "if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means towards that end, and bit the feather of a pen.

"D—n it all, sir!" said Stryver, staring at him, "am I not eligible?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Yes. Oh, yes, you're eligible!" said Mr. Lorry. "If you say eligible, you are eligible."

"Am I not prosperous?" asked Stryver.

"Oh, if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing, you know," said Mr. Lorry, delighted to be able to make another admission, "nobody can doubt that."

"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry:" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

"Well! I—— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "Now, I'll put you in a corner," forensically shaking a forefinger at him. "You are a man of business, and bound to have a reason. State your reason.—Why wouldn't you go?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n me!" cried Stryver, "but this beats everything.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Here's a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—in a Bank," said Stryver; "and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there's no reason at all! Says it with his head on!"

Mr. Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off.

"When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady; and when I speak of causes and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good sir," said Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, "the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from any lips; and that if I knew any man—which I hope I do not—whose taste was so coarse, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

The necessity of being angry in a suppressed tone had put Mr. Stryver's blood-vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry; Mr. Lorry's veins, methodical as their courses could usually be, were in no better state now it was his turn.

"That is what I mean to tell you, sir," said Mr. Lorry. "Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying:

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You deliberately advise me not to go up to Soho and offer myself—*myself*, Stryver of the King's Bench bar?"

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it, is," laughed Stryver with a vexed laugh, "that this—ha, ha!—beats everything, past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry. "As a man of business, I am not justified in saying anything about this matter, for, as a man of business, I know nothing of it. But, as an old fellow, who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father, too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. The confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. Now, you think I may not be right?"

"Not I!" said Stryver, whistling. "I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense; I can only find it for myself. I suppose sense in certain quarters; you suppose mincing bread-and-butter nonsense. It's new to me, but you are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I claim to characterise for myself. And understand me, sir," said Mr. Lorry, quickly flushing again. "I will not—not even at Tellson's—have it characterized for me by any gentleman breathing."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you. Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say:—it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken, it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you, it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honor and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be dissatisfied with it, you can but test its soundness for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! it is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterwards."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver; "I won't go up there now, I am not so hot upon it as that comes to; I say yes, and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good-morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank, causing such a concussion of air on his passage through, that to stand up against it bowing behind the two counters, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks. Those venerable and feeble persons were always seen by the public in the act of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he got it down.

"And now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general, when it was down, "my way out of this, is, to put you all in the wrong."

It was a bit of the art of an Old Bailey tactician, in which he found great relief.

"You shall not put me in the wrong, young lady," said Mr. Stryver; "I'll do that for you."

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night as late as ten o'clock, Mr. Stryver, among a quantity of books and papers littered

out for the purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he found Mr. Lorry, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

"Well!" said that good natured emissary, after a full half-hour of bootless attempts to bring him round to the question, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho!" repeated Mr. Stryver, coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of!"

"And I have no doubt," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father's account. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't; I assure you it doesn't. Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense, and a laudable ambition where there is not a laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In an unselfish aspect, I am sorry that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a good thing for others in a worldly point of view; in a selfish aspect, I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. I have not proposed to the young lady, and, between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever should have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you cannot control the mincing vanities and giddinesses of empty-headed girls; you must not expect to do it, or you will always be disappointed. Now, pray say no more about it. I tell you, I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback, that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him towards the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and goodwill, on his erring head. "Make the best of it, my dear sir," said Stryver; "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you; good-night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night, before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but, the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he vaguely and unhappily wandered there, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps the quiet time brought some sense of better things, else forgotten and unattainable, into his mind. Of late, the neglected bed in the Temple court had known him more scantily than ever; and often when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a few minutes, he had got up again, and haunted that neighborhood.

On a day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying to his jackal that "he had thought better of that marrying matter") had carried his delicacy into Devonshire, and when the sight and scent of flowers in the City streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worst, of health for the sickliest, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney's feet still trod those stones. From being irresolute and purposeless his feet became animated by an intention, and, in the working out of that intention, they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown up-stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few common-places, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me: I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good. Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much, worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation, I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away."

"Since it is my misfortune, Mr. Carton, to have made you more unhappy than you were before you knew me—"

"Don't say that, Miss Manette, for you would have reclaimed me, if anything could. You would not be the cause of my becoming worse."

"Since the state of your mind that you describe, is, at all events, attributable to some influence of mine—this is what I mean, if I can make it plain—can I use no influence to serve you? Have I no power for good, with you, at all?"

"The utmost good that I am capable of now, Miss Manette, I have come here to realize. Let me carry through the rest of my misdirected life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe, again and again, most fervently, with all my heart, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. I distress you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you."

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again God bless you!"

He put her hand to his lips and moved towards the door.

"Be under no apprehension, Miss Manette, of my ever resuming this conversation by so much as a passing word. I will never refer to it again. If I were dead, that could not be surer than it is henceforth. In the hour of my death, I shall hold sacred the one good remembrance—and shall thank and bless you for it—that my last avowal of myself was made to you, and that my name, and faults, and miseries, were gently carried in your heart. May it otherwise be light and happy!"

He was so unlike what he had ever shown himself to be, and it was so sad to think how much he had thrown away, and how much he every day kept down and perverted, that Lucie Manette wept mournfully for him as he stood looking back at her.

"Be comforted!" he said, "I am not worth such feeling, Miss Manette. An hour or two hence, and the low companions and low habits that I scorn but yield to, will render me less worth such tears as those, than any wretch who creeps along the streets. Be comforted! But within myself I shall always be, towards you, what I am now, though outwardly I shall be what you have heretofore seen me. The last supplication but one I make to you, is, that you will believe this of me."

"I will, Mr. Carton!"

"My last supplication of all, is this; and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn—the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. Oh, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

He said, "Farewell!" said, "A last God bless you!" and left her. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE.

(CONTINUED FROM THE FIFTH PAGE.)

CHAPTER III.

"The soup is hot," said Gerard.

"But how are we to swallow it?" inquired the senior, despondingly.

"Father, the young man has brought us straws." And Margaret smiled slyly.

"Ay, ay!" said the old man; "but my poor bones are stiff, and indeed the fire is too hot for a body to kneel over with these short straws. St. John the Baptist! but the young man is adroit."

For, while he stated his difficulty, Gerard removed it. He untied in a moment the knot on his breast, took his hat off his back, put three stones into the corner, then, wrapping his hand in the tail of his jerkin, whipped the flask off the fire, wedged it in between the stones, and put the hat under the old man's nose with a merry smile. The other tremulously inserted the pipe of rye straw and sucked. Lo and behold his wan, drawn face was seen to light up more and more, till it quite glowed; and, as soon as he had drawn a long breath:

"Hippocrates and Galen!" he cried, "'tis a wine soup—the restorative of restoratives. Blessed be the nation that invented it, and the woman that made it, and the young man who brings it to fainting folk. Have a suck, my girl, while I relate to our host the history and virtues of this his sovereign compound. This corroborative, young sir, was unknown to the ancients; we find it neither in their treatises of medicine, nor in those popular narratives, which reveal many of their remedies, both in chirurgery and medicine proper. Hector, in the Iliad, if my memory does not play me false—"

Margaret: "Alas! he's off."

"—Was invited by one of the ladies in the poem to drink a draught of wine; but he declined, on the plea that he was just going into battle, and must not take aught to weaken his powers. Now, if the 'soupe au vin' had been known in Troy, it is clear that in declining 'vinum merum' upon that score, he would have added in the next hexameter, 'But a "soupe au vin," madam, I will degust, and gratefully.' Not only would this have been but common civility—a virtue no perfect commander is wanting in—but to have done it would have proved him a shallow and improvident person, quite unfit to be trusted with the conduct of a war; for man going into battle need sustenance and all possible support, as is proved by this—that foolish generals, bringing hungry soldiers to battle with full ones, have been defeated, in all ages, by inferior numbers. The Romans lost a great battle in the north of Italy to Hannibal the Carthaginian, by this neglect alone. Now, this divine elixir gives in one moment force to the limbs and ardor to the spirits; and taken into Hector's body at the nick of time, would, by the aid of Phœbus, Venus, and the blessed saints, have most likely procured the Greeks a defeat. For, note how faint and weary and heart-sick I was a minute ago; well, I suck this celestial cordial, and now behold me brave as Achilles and strong as an eagle." * * * * * *

"Dear father, prithee add thyself to the list before the soup cools." And Margaret held the hat imploringly in both hands till he inserted the straw once more.

This gave Gerard an opportunity of telling Margaret how proud his mother would be that her soup had profited a man of learning.

"Ah! but," said Margaret, "it would like her ill to see her son give all and take none himself. Why brought you but two straws?"

"Fair mistress, I hoped you would let me put my lips to your straw, there being but two."

Margaret smiled, and blushed. "Never beg that you may command," said she. "The straw is not mine—'tis yours; you cut it in yonder field."

"I cut it, and that made it mine; but, after that, your lip touched it, and that made it yours."

"Did it? Then I will lend it you. There—now it is yours again; *your* lip has touched it."

"No, it belongs to us both now. Let us divide it."

"By all means; you have a knife."

"No, I will not cut it—that would be unlucky. I'll bite it. There. I shall keep my half; you will burn yours the moment you get home, I doubt."

"You know me not. I waste nothing. It is odds but I make a hair pin of it, or something."

This answer dashed the novice Gerard instead of provoking him to fresh efforts, and he was silent. And now, the bread and soup being disposed of, the old scholar prepared to continue his journey. Then came a little difficulty: Gerard the adroit could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after slyly eyeing his efforts for some time, offered to help him; for at her age girls love to be coy and tender, saucy and gentle, by turns, and she saw she had put him out of countenance but now. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly towards him; and, while it ravished his eye, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and moulded it with soft and airy touches. Then a heavenly thrill ran through the innocent young man, and vague glimpses of a new world of feeling and sentiment opened on him. And these new and exquisite sensations Margaret unwittingly prolonged; it is not natural to her sex to hurry aught that pertains to the sacred toilet. Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy, till, by a manœuvre peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the centre of the knot—a sweet little coaxing hand-kiss, as much as to say, "Now be a good knot, and stay as you are." The palm-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it.

"There, that is how it was," said Margaret, and drew back to take one last keen survey of her work; then, looking up for simple approval of her skill, received full in her eyes a longing gaze of such ardent adoration, as made her lower them quickly and color all over. An indescribable tremor seized her, and she retreated with downcast lashes and tell-tale cheeks, and took her father's arm on the opposite side. Gerard, blushing at having scared her with his eyes, took the other arm; and so the two young things went downcast and conscious, and propped the eagle along in silence.

They entered Rotterdam by the Schiedamse Poort; and, as Gerard was unacquainted with the town, Peter directed him the way to the Hooch Straet, in which the Stadthouse was. He himself was going with Margaret to his cousin, in the Oester Waagen Straet; so almost on entering the gate, their roads lay apart. They bade each other a friendly adieu, and Gerard dived into the great town. A profound and aching sense of solitude, fell upon him, yet the streets were crowded. Then he lamented too late that, out of delicacy, he had not asked his late companions who they were and where they lived.

"Beshrew my shamefacedness!" said he. "But their words and their breeding were above their means, and something whispered me they would not be known. I shall never see her more. Oh! weary world, I hate you and your ways. To think I must meet beauty and goodness and learning—three pearls of price,—and never see them more!"

Falling into this sad reverie, and letting his body go where it would, he lost his way; but presently meeting a crowd of persons all moving in one direction, he mingled with them, for he argued they must be making for the Stadthouse. Soon the noisy troop that contained the moody Gerard emerged, not upon the Stadthouse, but upon a large meadow by the side of the Maas; and then the attraction was at once revealed. Games of all sorts were going on; wrestling, the game of palm, the quintain, legerdemain, archery, tumbling, in which art, I blush to say, women as well as men performed, to the great delectation of the company. There was also a trained bear, which stood on his head, and stood upright and bowed with prodigious gravity to his master; and a hare that beat a drum, and a cock that strutted on little stilts disdainfully. These things made Gerard laugh now and then; but the gay scene could not really enliven him, for his heart was not in tune with it. So, hearing a young man say to his fellow that the Duke had been in the meadow, but was gone to the Stadthouse to entertain the burgomasters and aldermen, and the competitors for the prizes, and their friends, he suddenly remembered he was hungry, and should like to sup with a Prince. He left the river-side, and this time he found the Hooch Straet, and it speedily led him to the Stadthouse. But when he got there he was refused, first at one door, then at another, till he came to the great gate of the court-yard. It was kept by soldiers, and superintended by a pompous major-domo, glittering in an embroidered collar and a gold chain of office, and holding a white staff with a gold knob. There was a crowd of persons at the gate endeavoring to soften this official rock. They came up in turn like ripples, and retired to make way for others equally unsuccessful. It cost Gerard a struggle to get near him, and when he got within four heads of the gate, he saw something that made his heart beat; there was Peter, with Margaret on his arm, soliciting humbly for entrance.

"My cousin, the alderman, is not at home. They say he is here."

"What is that to me, old man?"

"If you will not let us pass in to him, at least take this leaf from my tablet to my cousin. See, I have written his name: he will come out to us."

"For what do you take me? I carry no messages. I keep the gate."

He then bawled, in a stentorian voice, inexorably:

"No strangers enter here but the competitors and their companies."

"Come, old man," cried a voice in the crowd, "you have gotten your answer; make way."

Margaret turned half round imploringly:

"Good people! we are come from far, and my father is old; and my cousin has a new servant that knows us not, and would not let us sit in our cousin's house."

At this the crowd laughed hoarsely. Margaret shrank as if they had struck her. At that moment a hand grasped hers—such a grasp: it felt like heart meeting heart, or magnet steel. She turned quickly round at it, and it was Gerard. Such a little cry of joy and appeal came from her bosom, and she began to whimper prettily:

They had hustled her and frightened her for one thing; and her cousin's thoughtlessness in not even telling his servant they were coming was cruel; and the servant's caution, however wise and faithful to his master, was bitterly mortifying to her father and her. And to her—so mortified, and anxious and jostled—came suddenly this kind hand and face.

"Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

"All is well now," remarked a coarse humorist; "she has gotten her sweetheart."

"Haw! haw! haw!" went the crowd.

She dropped Gerard's hand directly, and turned round, with eyes flashing through her tears:

"I have no sweetheart, you rude men. But I am friendless in your boorish town, and this is a friend; and one who knows, what you know not, how to treat the aged and the weak."

The crowd was dead silent. They had only been thoughtless, and now felt the rebuke, though severe, was just. The silence enabled Gerard to treat with the porter.

"I am a competitor, sir."

"What is your name?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Gerard."

The janitor inspected a slip of parchment he held in his hand:

"Gerard Gerardszoen can enter."

"With my company—these two?"

"Nay; those are not your company: they came before you."

"What matter? they are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That will I not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily."

Gerard then raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted, so that the whole street rang:

"Ho! Philip, Hand of Holland!"

"Are you mad?"

"Here is one of your varlets defies you."

"Hush, hush!"

"And will not let your guests pass in."

"Hush! murder! The Duke's there! I'm dead!" cried the janitor, quaking.

Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted, with all his lungs:

"Open the gate, ye knaves! Way there for Gerard Gerardszoen and his company!—(the fiends go with him!")

The gate swung open as by magic. Eight soldiers lowered their pikes half way, and made an arch, under which the victorious three marched in triumphant. The moment they had passed, the pikes clashed together horizontally to bar the gateway, and all but pinned an abdominal citizen that sought to be of Gerard's company unbidden.

Once past the guarded portal, a few steps brought the trio upon a scene of Oriental luxury. The court-yard was laid out in tables loaded with rich meats, and literally piled with gorgeous plate. Guests in rich and various costumes sat beneath a leafy canopy of fresh-cut branches, fastened tastefully to golden, silver, and blue silken cords that traversed the area; and fruits of many hues, including some artificial ones of gold, silver and wax, hung pendant, or peeped, like fair eyes, among the green leaves of plane-trees and lime-trees. The Duke's minstrels swept their lutes at intervals, and a fountain played red Burgundy in six jets that met and battled in the air.—The evening sun darted its fires through those bright and purple wine spouts, making them jets and cascades of molten rubies, then passing on, tinged with the blood of the grape, shed crimson glories here and there on fair faces, snowy beards, velvet, satin, jewelled hilts, glowing gold, gleaming silver, and sparkling glass. Gerard and his friends stood dazzled, spell-bound. Presently a whisper burned round them,

"Salute the Duke! Salute the Duke!"

They looked up, and there on high, under the dais, was their sovereign, bidding them welcome with a kindly wave of the hand. The men bowed low, and Margaret curtseyed, with a deep and graceful obeisance. The Duke's hand being up, he gave it another turn, and pointed the new comers out to a knot of valets. Instantly seven of his people, with an obedient start, went headlong at our friends, seated them at a table, and put fifteen many-colored soups before them, in little silver bowls, and as many wines in crystal vases.

"Nay, father, do not let us eat until we have thanked our good friend," said Margaret, now first recovering from this bustle.

"Girl, he is our guardian angel."

Gerard put his face into his hands.

"Tell me when you have done," said he, "and I will reappear and have my supper, for I am hungry. I know which of us three is the happiest at meeting again.

"Me?" inquired Margaret.

"No: guess again."

"Father?"

"No."

"Then I have no idea which it can be;" and she gave a little crow of happiness and gayety. The soup was tasted, and vanished in a twirl of fourteen hands, and fish came on the table in a dozen forms, with patties of lobster and almonds mixed, and of almonds and cream, and an immense variety of "bronets," known to us as "rissoles." The next trifle was a wild boar, which smelt divine. Why, then, did Margaret start away from it with two shrieks of dismay, and pinch so good a friend as Gerard? Because the Duke's "cuisinier" had been too clever; had made this excellent dish too captivating to the sight as well as taste. Margaret wheeled round with horror-stricken eyes and her hand on Gerard's shoulder, squeaking and pinching; his face full of foolish delight at being pinched, the grizzly brute glaring sulkily on all, and the guests grinning from ear to ear.

But long before our party arrived at the final stage, appetite had succumbed, and one or two circumstances had occurred apparently trifling. Gerard had suddenly remembered he was the bearer of a letter to the Princess Marie, and, in an under tone, had asked one of the servants if he would undertake to deliver it. The man took it with a deep obeisance: "He could not deliver it himself, but would instantly give it to one of the Princess's suite, several of whom were about."

It may be remembered that Peter and Margaret came here not to dine, but to find their cousin. Well, the old gentleman ate heartily, and being much fatigued dropped asleep, and forgot all about his cousin. Margaret did not remind him, we shall hear why.

Meantime, their cousin, William Johnson, alderman of Rotterdam, was seated within a few feet of them, at their backs, and discovered them when Margaret turned round and screamed at the boar. But he did not speak to them, for the following reason. Margaret was very plainly dressed, and Peter inclined to threadbare. So the alderman said:

"'Twill be time to make up to them when the sun sets and the company disperses; then I will take my poor relations to my house, and none will be the wiser."

Half the courses were lost on Gerard and Margaret. They were no great eaters, and just now were feeding on sweet thoughts that have ever been unfavorable to appetite. And it was a relief to them when the dessert came and the valets retired a few steps, and they could talk without being overheard. But there is a delicate kind of sensuality, to whose influence these two were perhaps more sensitive than any other pair in that assembly; the delights of color, music, and perfume, all of which blended so fascinatingly here.

Margaret leaned back and half closed her eyes, and murmured to Gerard:

"What a lovely scene! the warm sun, the green shade, the rich dresses, the bright music of the lutes and the cool music of the fountain, and all faces so happy and gay! and it is to you we owe it."

Gerard was silent.

"Now, don't speak to me," said Margaret, languidly, "let me listen to the fountain; what are you a competitor for?"

He told her.

"Very well! You will gain one prize, at least."

"Which? which? have you seen any of my work?"

"I? no. But you will gain a prize."

"I hope so; but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Don't speak," murmured Margaret. "They say this is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! that is all a silly old song," explained Gerard. "'Tis a byword our elders keep repeating out of custom—it is not true."

"How can you know? you are but a child," said Margaret, with pensive dignity.

"Why only look round! And then I thought I had lost you—for ever; and you are by my side: and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Stuff and nonsense!"

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"You know my name? How is that?"

"White magic. I am a witch."

"Angels are never witches. But I can't think how you—"

"Foolish boy! was it not cried at the gate loud enough to deafen one?"

"So it was. Where is my head? What do I admire most? If you will sit a little more that way, I'll tell you."

"This way?"

"Yes! so that the light may fall on you. There. I see many beautiful things here, more beautiful than I could have conceived; but the finest of all to my eye, is your lovely hair in its silver frame, and the setting sun kissing it. It minds me of what the Vulgate praises for beauty, '*an apple of gold in a net-work of silver*,' and, oh, what a pity I did not know you before I sent in my poor efforts at illuminating! I could illuminate so much better now. I could do everything better. There, now the sun is full on it, it is like an aureole. So our Lady looked, and none since her until to-day."

"Oh, fie! it is wicked to talk so. Compare a poor, coarse-favored girl like me with the Queen of Heaven! Oh, Gerard! I thought you were a good young man."

"So I am. But I can't help having eyes—and a heart—Margaret."

"Gerard?"

"Don't be angry!"

"Now, is it likely?"

"I love you."

"Oh, for shame! you must not say that to me."

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. Oh, how one may be mistaken! if I had known you were so bold—" And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked towards her sleeping father, very much like a timid thing that meditates actual flight.

Then Gerard was frightened at the alarm he caused. "Forgive me," said he imploringly. "How could any one help loving you!"

"Well, sir, I will *try* and forgive you—you are so good in other respects; but then you must promise never to say you—to say *that* again."

"Give me your hand then, or you don't forgive me."

She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly. He took it, and held it prisoner. When she thought it had been there long enough, she tried gently to draw it away. He held it tight: it submitted quite patiently to force. What *is* the use resisting force? She turned her head away, and her long eyelashes drooped sweetly. Gerard lost nothing by his promise. Words were not needed here: and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is in ours; but manners were somewhat freer.—Then, as now, virgins drew back alarmed at the first words of love; but of prudery and artificial coquetry there was little, and the young soon read one another's hearts. Everything was in Gerard's favor: his good looks, her belief in his goodness, her gratitude; and, at the Duke's banquet this mellow summer eve, all things disposed the female nature to tenderness; the avennes to the heart lay open; the senses were so soothed and subdued with lovely colors, gentle sounds, and delicate odors; the sun gently sinking, the warm air, the green canopy, the cool music of the now violet fountain.

Gerard and Margaret sat hand in hand in silence: and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly; and hers now and then turned on him timidly and imploringly: and two sweet unreasonable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously are they were dry.

And the sun declined; and the air cooled; and the fountain plashed more gently; and the pair throbbed in unison and silence, and this weary world was heaven to them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ARMISTICE: WHAT IT MEANS.

[From the London Economist, July 9.]

While waiting for tidings of a final and decisive battle in the centre of the celebrated quadrilateral of fortresses which has always been considered as the stronghold of Austrian Italy, the world has been startled by the announcement of an armistice between the two belligerents, and is still in considerable perplexity as to what this armistice may mean. Of course, all conjectures on the matter must be purely speculative, for even the Moniteur's comment only hints that some sort of negotiation is expected; but it seems to us that it may mean, as it certainly suggests, something of the greatest moment.

It may simply mean that both parties, exhausted by recent losses and exertions, concur in wishing for a breathing space before entering on a final conflict; and that each combatant fancies that he, rather than his antagonist, will be the gainer by the pause. The French Emperor is far from the basis of his operations, and was obliged to begin the war a few weeks before his preparations were completed; he may not be sorry for an opportunity of bringing up his reserves. The Austrian Emperor may also have been so crippled by the fiercely-contested fields of Magenta and Solferino, that, even under the protection of his great fortresses, he feels scarcely yet ready, without further reinforcements for a battle, which, if disastrous to him, must settle forever the fate of his Italian possessions. But we do not think that this is the probable meaning of the armistice.

It may also mean that Louis Napoleon, fancying that he has accomplished his purpose of making the further sojourn of Austria in Italy impossible, and feeling that this end has been attained at a fearful cost of blood and treasure, may be anxious to display himself to Europe in the rare and grand attitude of a great conqueror pausing in the mid career of victory. It may be that, having already gained the reputation of extraordinary military success, he is now desirous to obtain credit for still more extraordinary moderation. It may well be, also, that he is influenced by the not unnatural and very wise indisposition to risk the laurels already won by a further trial which might not terminate so gloriously for his arms. He has made about the most rapid and prosperous campaign on record; he has had a taste of the stubborn character of the troops he has to contend with; and history, in which he is so well read, is there to remind him that Austria is more obstinate than prompt, and, like England, usually fights better each succeeding year of a prolonged war. Moreover, he unquestionably sees difficulties which he may have overlooked or under-estimated before, thickening round him amidst and even in consequence of his victories. If the war were to continue, the population of Romagna, and probably that of Naples and Sicily, likewise, would be up in arms, and he would find himself in the dilemma of either discountenancing, and perhaps actually repressing their movements—*i. e.*, of fighting against his own allies and *proteges*—or of permitting the dethronement of the Pope, and thus drawing upon himself the violent antagonism of the ultramontane clergy of France. He may, therefore, be willing enough, on every ground, to rest content for the present with the expulsion of the Austrians, leaving the other difficulties of the "Italian Question" to be settled by after consideration, and with other European aid. Further, too, he sees a rock immediately ahead. If Austria is again beaten and turns obstinate, he will be placed in the dilemma of either suffering his foe to escape him, leaving him on the field with his work only half done, or, if he pursues her beyond the Alps, to complete his victory and force her into terms, of finding himself face to face with the whole Germanic Confederation. *If*, therefore, he has any reason to believe that Austria is now willing on any terms to evacuate Italy for good, he may be sagacious as well as moderate in offering her an armistice with a view to a definitive peace.

On the other hand, it is by no means impossible, though we admit—in reference to the known persistence of Austrian policy—far from probable, that Francis Joseph, having suffered three great defeats in little more than three weeks, and having seen all his youthful and presumptuous hopes of victory and fame scattered to the winds, may in July take a very different estimate of his position from that which in May seemed not unreasonably sanguine. He may feel that another decisive defeat on his own chosen ground, and in his own famous quadrilateral, would do more to ruin the prestige of Austrian arms than even a peace which should deprive him of a province which has always been rather a source of weakness and impoverishment than of real wealth and power. He must be well aware that *under no circumstances*, could his Italian provinces ever have been retained otherwise than by the sword; and that, after what has passed, their permanent retention in any manner has become quite impossible; and that if he can terminate a disastrous war by simply and with the best grace he may, resigning what it was both impossible and undesirable—because exhausting—to keep, he may consider himself to have come off cheap. He sees that the next step of the war will be the revolt and severance of Hungary—a loss of tenfold greater magnitude than that of Lombardy and Venice; and he may well desire, at any price, to avert so dreaded a catastrophe. Finally, he may perhaps have been informed that England looks upon the Austrian possession of Italy to be so untenable in fact, to have been so iniquitous and oppressive in its history, and to be so permanently disturbing to the peace of Europe, that she has told Prussia that any intervention on her part in the Italian contest must be at her own risk, and will be cordially and avowedly discountenanced by us. If this argument as is not unlikely, should prove to have been one of the most influential in inducing her to accept an armistice, and to seek a peace, a great proportion of the credit of the new aspect which affairs will then take will be due to the recent change of government here, and to the clear and decisive language of our Foreign Secretary, as supposed to be set forth in the dispatch which was the subject of question and comment in the House of Commons, last night. We can well believe that, with the knowledge that England cordially sympathizes with the cause of Italy, Prussia will pause, and Austria might well despair.

Supposing then, that a peace may really be a prospect and in discussion, we wish most earnestly, and with the most grave meaning in what we say, to urge two things upon the English statesmen and the English nation. The first is—on no pretext, and for no object whatever, to make themselves a party to any negotiations for peace which shall not have as their basis the entire withdrawal of Austria from the Italian territory. If one single foot of ground inhabited by Italians be left to her, nothing will have been done; the old eternal sore will be still open, and all the blood shed in this war will have been shed in vain. The second is—that the early termination of the war is no ground whatever for any relaxation in our naval and military preparations for defence—but the contrary. If peace comes—and if the terms be just and good, as we sincerely hope they may—we must not forget that it leaves vast armies still on foot, invigorated, hardened and excited by a campaign in which all parties have fought well; that it leaves many European difficulties still unsettled; and that it leaves Great Britain as it found her—in proportion to her wealth, to the extent of her dominions, to her pretensions and to her need—immeasurably the least fully armed and the least formidable of the great powers of Europe.

☞ Mrs. Partington says that Louis Napoleon has succeeded beyond her most sanguinary expectations.

MR. SICKLES' LETTER.

Mr. Sickles has written the following letter to the *New York Herald*, in justification of his recent reconciliation with Mrs. Sickles:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York, July 19, 1859.—Through the course of sad events, which during the last few months have brought so much affliction upon my family, I have been silent. No amount of misrepresentation affecting myself only could induce me now to open my lips; nor could I deem it worth while under any circumstances to notice what has been or can be said in journals never regarded as the sources or the exponents of public opinion, for in these it is too often obvious that only unworthy motives prompt the most vindictive assaults upon the private life of citizens holding public stations. But the editorial comments in the Herald of yesterday, although censorious (of which I do not complain, whilst I read them with regret,) differ so widely in tone and temper from the mass of nonsense and calumny which has lately been written concerning a recent event in my domestic relations, that I cannot allow a mistake into which you have been led by inaccurate information, to pass without such a correction as will relieve others from any share of the reproaches which it is the pleasure of the multitude at this moment to heap upon me and mine.

Referring to the forgiveness which my sense of duty and my feelings impelled me to extend to an erring and repentant wife, you observe, in the course of your temperate and dignified article, that "It is said, however, that the last phase of the affair was brought about through the advice of his lawyers." This is entirely erroneous. I did not exchange a word with one of my counsel upon the subject, nor with any one else. My reconciliation with my wife was my own act, done without consultation with any relative, connexion, friend or adviser. Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall alone upon me. I am prepared to defend what I have done before the only tribunals I recognize as having the slightest claim to jurisdiction over the subject—my own conscience and the bar of Heaven. I am not aware of any statute or code of morals which makes it infamous to forgive a woman; nor is it usual to make our domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear to us. And I cannot allow even all the world combined to dictate to me the repudiation of my wife, when I think it right to forgive her, and restore her to my confidence and protection.

If I ever failed to comprehend the utterly desolate position of an offending though penitent woman—the hopeless future, with all its dark possibilities of danger, to which she is doomed when proscribed as an outcast—I can now see plainly enough, in the almost universal howl of denunciation with which she is followed to my threshold, the misery and perils from which I have rescued the mother of my child. And, although it is very sad for me to incur the blame of friends and the reproaches of many wise and good people, I shall strive to prove to all who feel any interest in me, that if I am the first man who has ventured to say to the world an erring wife and mother may be forgiven and redeemed, that in spite of all the obstacles in my path the good results of this example shall entitle it to the imitation of the generous and the commendation of the just.

There are many who think that an act of duty, proceeding solely from affections which can only be comprehended in the heart of a husband and a father, is to be fatal to my professional, political and social standing. If this be so, then so be it. Political station, professional success, social recognition, are not the only prizes of ambition; and I have seen enough of the world in which I have moved, and read enough of the lives of others to teach me that, if one be patient and resolute, it is the man himself who indicates the place he will occupy; and so long as I do nothing worse than to reunite my family under the roof where they may find shelter from contumely and persecution, I do not fear the noisy but fleeting voice of popular clamor. The multitude accept their first impression from a few; but in the end men think for themselves, and if I know the human heart—and sometimes I think that in a career of mingled sunshine and storm I have sounded nearly all its depths—then I may reassure those who look with reluctant forebodings upon my future to be of good cheer, for I will not cease to vindicate a just claim to the respect of my fellows; while to those motley groups, here and there, who look upon my misfortunes only as weapons to be employed for my destruction, to those I say, once for all, if a man make a good use of his enemies they will be as serviceable to him as his friends.

In conclusion, let me ask only one favor of those who, from whatever motive, may deem it necessary or agreeable to comment in public or private upon this sad history; and that is, to aim all their arrows at my breast, and for the sake of my innocent child to spare her yet youthful mother, while she seeks in sorrow and contrition the mercy and the pardon of Him to whom, sooner or later, we must all appeal.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

DANIEL E. SICKLES.

WHEAT.—The wheat crop of this country, just harvested, is set down at two hundred and one millions of bushels, or about forty millions of barrels, or one and three-fifths of a barrel of flour for every one of the twenty-five millions of individuals in this country. This would not seem to be a great deal more than our own wants would require, and it would not be if we had not the other cereals, and particularly the great crop of Indian corn to help out the supply. Ohio is given a production of 20,000,000 bushels; Pennsylvania, 25,000,000; New York, 20,000,000; Illinois, 20,000,000. The New England States have decreased in their production of wheat, but the West has increased four to one. The amount of land under wheat cultivation this year is thirty-three per cent. greater than in 1855. We frequently hear of a production of thirty-one bushels to the acre, but the actual production per acre does not average two-thirds of that amount.

RAILROAD TELEGRAPH.—The Syracuse (N. Y.) Standard is informed that a new invention has been perfected by a young machinist of Onondaga county, whereby a traveller on railroad cars may communicate, while in motion, with his friends at home. A model was about to be exhibited in Syracuse.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week was quite large. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—66 head I Abrahams, 9½@11; 48 A D Wells, Ohio, inferior, 4½; 25 C Marshall, Chester co, 10½; 14 Murphy & Cassidy, Va, 9@10, 68 W Snyder, Ohio, 8@10, 15 A J Hackman, Lancaster co, 7@10; 120 Mooney & Smith, Fayette co, 9½@10½; 31 Christy, Va, 9@10½; 18 M Carson, Chester co, 10½@10½.—Sheep—About 6000 head arrived during the week, and sold at 4@4½c ℔ lb gross weight, equal to 8@9c dressed.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—16 head Wm Forrest, Chester co, 9@9½; 63 W Welton, by McFillin, Md, 8½@10½; 25 B Hood, Del, 9@10½; 62 W McCall, Balt, 8½@10½; 14 J Mcnab, Del co, 10½@11; 51 Caughy & Whiteside, by Hathaway, Ohio, 9½@9½; 14 J Cochran, Chester co, 9@10; 62 Judge Bartetol, by Cochran, Va, 8@9½; 24 Mr Underwood, Chester co, 8@10½; 31 Scott & Kimble, Harford co, Md, 9½@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 23.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour declined 10@20c; sales of 4500 bbls at $4,20@4,70 for State. Wheat lower; sales of 16,000 bus at 80@85c for mixed, and 88@90 for yellow. Pork—Mess unchanged, sales at $15,62½@15,75; Prime is quoted at $11@11,25. Lard quiet at 10½@11c. Whiskey steady at 25c.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 247—Adults 73, and children 174

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The downward tendency which we have noted in the Flour market for weeks past still continues. The receipts have been exceedingly light from all quarters. The sales for export comprise 500 bbls sound old stock Western at about $5,25, and 500 bbls Extra, fresh ground from new Wheat at $5,87½. Fresh superfine made of new Wheat is offered at $5,50. At the close old stock mixed brands of superfine were freely offered at $5 ℔ bbl, but without sales. Rye Flour comes in very slowly, and the stock is light, but there is very little demand for it. Small sales at $4,25 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal has been dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 200 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,75.

GRAIN—Wheat has been very dull. The receipts of old crop, since our last notice, have been small, and of new they have also been comparatively light. The demand has been quite limited, and prices have again declined fully 20c ℔ bus. Sales of 36,000 bus, new, at $1,20@1,40 for fair and prime Red, and $1,30@1,50 for White, including 2000 bus prime Kentucky at our highest quotation. About 500 bus old Wheat sold at $1,20 for inferior up to $1,40 for choice Red, and $1,32@1,50 for White. At the close, the supply of new Wheat was in excess of the demand, and the current quotations were $1,20@1,25 for good Red, and $1,30@1,35 for White. Rye continues to come forward slowly, and is in moderate request. Sales of 3500 bus old Pennsylvania at 83@85c, and some new at 80c. Corn—Sales of 8000 bus Yellow at 83@86½c—closing dull at 84@85c., including some damaged lots of White and Yellow at 80c. Oats—The receipts, although small, are in excess of the demand, and the article has been dull and lower. Sales of 8000 bus prime Pennsylvania at 39@40c, part in store, closing at the former rate, and 4000 bus Southern at 38c. Some lots of new Jersey and Delaware—the first of the season—sold at 34@36c. Buckwheat is selling in a small way at 75c to 85c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little activity in the market this week. Bacon meets a steady inquiry, and Salted Meats have been in moderate request, but for other descriptions there is little or no demand. The receipts of Pork are small, and the stock is quite low, but there is very little inquiry for it. Sales of 400 bbls Mess at $17@17,50, on time, some Clear at $19, and Prime at $14@16, as in quality. No change in City Packed Mess Beef, and there have been no sales, except in small lots for ship's stores at $16@18, cash. Bacon—The stock is small for the season, and there is very little coming in. The demand is fair, and prices firm. Sales of 300 casks, in lots, at 10½@12c, for plain and fancy canvassed Hams, chiefly of the latter description; 9½c for Sides, and 7½@7½c for Western and City Smoked Shoulders. Of Green Salted Meats the stock is now very much reduced. Sales of Hams in salt at 8½c; do in pickle at 10@10½c; Sides at 8½c, and 300 casks Shoulders at 7½c, 60 days. Lard—The stock is light, and there is but little coming in. The demand, however, is limited. Sales of bbls and tcs at 11½@11½c, and kegs at 13½c ℔ lb, 60 days. Butter continues extremely dull, the market being overstocked. Sales of Solid Packed at 8@12c, as in quality, and Roll at 10@15c. 100 pkgs fine Ohio sold at 11½@12c. Cheese is in good demand, and prices are advancing. Sales of 200 boxes prime New York at 9½c. Eggs are selling at 13@15c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been quiet since our last notice, and the manufacturers have purchased sparingly. Sales of 830 bales—mostly Upland—at 11½@13c ℔ lb, cash, for middling and middling fair quality, including repacked and samples at 6@10c.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark continues good, but the meagreness of the stocks and very limited supplies coming forward, tends to materially restrict operations. Sales of 40 hhds No 1 at $27,50 ℔ ton. Tanner's Bark continues dull. Sales of Chestnut Oak at $9,50@10,75, and Spanish at $13. Red Oak sells at $5,50@6 ℔ cord

BEESWAX—There is but little here. Sales of 1500 lbs Yellow at 36@38c ℔ lb, cash.

COAL—The market has been rather more active since our last notice, and the orders both from the Eastward and the South have increased. Prices, however, have undergone no change, and we continue to quote the cargo rates at $3,15@3,25 ℔ ton for Schuylkill White Ash, free on board at Richmond, and $3,30@3,40 ℔ ton, free on board at Bristol. No sales of Bituminous Coal and there is none wanted.

COFFEE—The demand is quite moderate, but the market has been firm. Sales of 800 bags Rio at 10½@12c for ordinary and prime quality; 224 bags damaged do at 9½@10c; 3000 bags Maracaibo, on private terms, and 850 bags Laguayra, part at 11½c ℔ lb, on time, and part on private terms.

COPPER is very dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 19c ℔ lb, 6 mos, which is a decline.

FEATHERS continue dull and sell only in a small way at 45@47c for good Western.

FRUIT of all kinds have been dull. Green Apples are beginning to come forward more freely and sell at $1@2,25 ℔ bbl, as in quality, and from 25 to 40c ℔ basket. Dried Apples are about nominal at 3@3½c ℔ lb. A few Green Peaches have commenced to come forward which sell at 40@75c ℔ basket, as in quality. Dried Peaches are not wanted.

HEMP—There is no American here in first hand, and little or none wanted. The last invoice of Jute remains unsold. It is held at $85, 6 mos.

HIDES are held firmly. An invoice of 740 dry Maricaibo remains unsold. A sale of 500 Brazil at 18½c, 6 mos.

HOPS remain without change Sales in a small way at 12@16c ℔ lb for new Eastern and Western.

IRON—There has been no improvement in the market for Pig Metal. Sales of 300 tons Anthracite, in lots from store at $23@24, $22 and $20 ℔ ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers, and 500 tons gray Forge at $20, 6 mos. Blooms are unchanged. Small sales of Charcoal at $59@62, 6 mos. Rails are held with more firmness, but the demand is quite moderate. Sales of American Bars at $53@60 ℔ ton for common and best refined.

LEAD—There has been more doing, and prices are firmer. Sales of 3900 pigs Galena at $5,90, cash.

LEATHER—The market is very poorly supplied with prime Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and there is a good demand at previous rates.

LUMBER—There is less doing. Among the sales we notice White Pine Shipping Boards at $15; a cargo of St Johns Laths at $1.50; and Pickets at $6,50 ℔ M feet. Hemlock Raft Lumber commands $7,50@ 8. Shingles are unchanged.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet since our last notice, and there is no change in prices. Supplies come forward very slowly. Sales of 250 hhds Matanzas at 26c; 100 hhds Muscovado, in lots, at 26@30c; 250 hhds Trinidad, for refining, at 25c; 18 hhds St. Jago at 32c; 60 hhds Porto Rico at 30@34c, and some New Orleans at 40c, 4 mos.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Clover-seed, with very little offering. Sales of 200 bushels at $5,50@5 87 ½ 64 lbs—the latter rate for re-cleaned, and 25 tons of the latter for export on terms not made public. Timothy is taken on arrival at $2,50, and Flaxseed at $1,65@1,75 ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS are dull. Sales of N E Rum at 37@38c. Whiskey is steady. Sales of Ohio bbls at 25c; Pennsylvania do at 27c; Prison at 27½c; hhds at 26@26½c, and Drudge at 25½@26c.

SUGAR—The market has been rather more buoyant since our last notice, and the receipts being light, and the stock having become somewhat reduced, holders are firmer in their demands. Sales of 1,950 hhds Cuba at $5,87½@6,50; 150 hhds Porto Rico at $6,50@6,62½; 130 hhds New Orleans at $7@7,50, and 300 boxes low grade Havana White at $8@8,75, on time, and Brown at $7.

TALLOW is unchanged. Sales of City Rendered at 11½@11½c ℔ lb, cash.

TOBACCO—Leaf continues dull, and prices are drooping. The same remark will apply to the lower grades of Manufactured. For the finer grades full rates are realized.

WOOL—Buyers and sellers continue apart in their views, and the market has been very inactive during the past week, the sales being mostly in a small way, at from 38 up to 53c for common to full blood and prime fleece, including 10,000 lbs fine sold at the highest figures.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.—Two Indians started to run a foot race on the trotting course at Troy, N. Y., on the 13th instant, matching themselves to run one hundred miles within thirteen hours. The day was intensely hot—the mercury reaching 90 degrees in the shade—and after running 28 miles, one of the Indians gave out. The other continued to the 61st mile, when his feet became so swollen that he was almost unable to walk, and gave up. The time occupied in the 61 miles was 9 hours, 29 minutes and 39 seconds, the quickest, for the distance, on record.

A GOOD TIME COMING,

For despeptics and those who have been suffering for years with a disordered liver, or weakness of the digestive organs. You will believe this after giving HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS a trial. This remedy will cause a permanent cure, and enable you to enjoy life.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY C. ELWELL, to Miss CORNELIA S. SIGN, both of this city.

On the 14th of Feb. by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, EDWARD A. HEINTZ, to MARGARET C. CHAVEAU.

On the 18th of April, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss ANNA DONNELLY.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Thomas, Mr. CHARLES C. PAYNE, to Miss MARY J. SCOTT, both of this city.

By the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. THOMAS PARKINSON, to Miss SARAH A. MCBRIDE, both of Newark, Del.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JOSEPH G. WARD, to Miss EMMA ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 20th of July, 1858, by the Rev. D. W Bartine, Mr. WILLIAM EDELMAN, of Pottstown, to Miss AMELIA RAIMOND, of this city.

On the 30th of Oct. 1858, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. S. PARKER DAVIS, to Miss MARY S. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. Catheart, Mr. ANDREW SCULL, of Dennisville, N. J. to Miss RACHEL J. KELLEY, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOHN TENNEY, to Miss LUCY A. SCATTERGOOD, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH MORTON, aged 76 years.

On the 18th instant, ANNA MARIA, wife of F. W. Binder, aged 31 years.

On the 17th instant, Mr. JACOB KOCHERSPERGER, aged 56 years.

On the 17th instant, ALBERT WILGUS, aged 32.

On the 16th instant, SARAH E. SHAW, aged 32 years.

On the 18th instant, Mr. DAVID BRADLEY, aged 45 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH LANE, aged 91 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. HARRIET COOPER, aged 74 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. JACOB SIMON, Sr. aged 58 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM CREIGHTON, aged 31 years.

On the 15th instant, CATHARINE, widow of Jas. McMaster, aged 93 years.

On the 16th instant, AMANDA, wife of Robt. H. Gorbutt, aged 30 years.

At Camden, on the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH BYERLY, aged 59 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market is coming dull.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1862	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	101	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	102	102½
" 5 "	—	84½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
R R issue	—	43
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	90½	91
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" 6 " coupon	75	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	105	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ala. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	129	131
Philadelphia	103	114
Far & Mec	56½	59
Commercial	49½	49½
N Liberty	63	—
Mechanics	26½	28½
Southwark	63	—
P Township	35	—
Kensington	64	68
Girard	46	47
Western	—	68
Mar & Mech	25½	26
Commerce	87	—
Tradesman's	52½	—
City	44	45½
Consolidation	25	25½
Common wealth	20	21
Corn Exchange	—	15
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitts'g	58	—
Exchange	54	—
Kensing 5's	112	—
Northern "	—	—
Somerville "	110	—
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	100	104
Pantors "	112	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank	—	—
Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	85
Wheeling "	1	1½
New Creek	4	—
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	51
Southwark & Frankford RR	62	63
Bonds	—	90
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	97	—
2nd " "	86	87
stock		
Interest off	33½	34½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	123	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80
mort 6's '44	89	91
" '66	89	90
stock	22½	22½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 9 pr ct	86	87
stock	36	39
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Chas Val R R 7s	40	—
Tioga R R 7s	—	95
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	57	60
2d "	33	34
stock	3½	5
Catawissa	2½	4½
Beaver Meadow stock	55	57
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	63½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	49	50
6 pr ct loan	87	102½
Minehill R R	58½	59
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	57
bonds '85	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	16	17
Long Island R R stock	101	104
bonds	81	83
Erie R R stock	6	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central "	72½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68½
Illinois "	59½	60
Michigan Southern "	8	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	60	60
imp. 6 pr ct	72	75
stock	—	8
preferred	17½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	47	48
mort 6 pr ct	—	86
scrip	25½	26½
Morris Conso'd	51	52½
preferred	100	—
Cities & De	41	—
bonds	77½	—
Union "	2	2½
bonds	29	31
Sus & Tidewater	24	6
bonds 1878	30	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solvent banks	½ dis
Relief notes ½ dis.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks par to ½ dis		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore ½ dis		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks ½ dis		State bank	½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Solv bks	3 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Solv bks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Old banks	2½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Solv bks	2 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis		Solv bks	2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks ½ dis		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis		Solv bks	1 dis

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
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A HATTER IN SEARCH OF FUR.

On one occasion, a hatter named Walter Dibble called to buy some furs of us. For certain reasons I was anxious to play a joke upon him. I sold him several kinds of furs, including beaver and coney. He wanted some Russia. I told him we had none, but Mrs. Wheeler, where I boarded, had several hundred pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" he said.

I could not answer, but assured him there were 130 pounds of old Russia, and 150 pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house, and under her charge, but whether it was for sale I could not say.

Off he started with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mr. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She, of course, supposed he had come after her daughter "Rushia."

"What do you want of Rushia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean," responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No, for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats, but I will call my daughter," said the old lady.

Passing into another room, where "Rushia" the younger was at work, she informed her that a man wanted her to make hats.

"Oh, he means sister Mary, probably; I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," replied Rushia, and she passed into the parlor.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the younger Rushia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for, and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy "Russia."

"Buy Rushia!" exclaimed Mary, in surprise. "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe?" said the hatter, who was annoyed at the difficulty he met with in being understood.

"It is, sir."

"Ah, very well; is there old and young Russia in the house?"

"I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of Russia per pound?" asked the hatter.

"I believe, sir, that old Rushia is not for sale," replied Mary, indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir," said Miss Rushia, the younger, springing to her feet, "do you mean to insult defenceless females? If you do, we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies," exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed, this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia, I want to do so; but if that can't be done, please say so, and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother, open the door and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"By thunder! I believe I shall be if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts, that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing."

"Business! poor man!" said Mary, soothingly, approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter. "My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some beaver and coney, and now it seems I am to be called 'crazy' and a 'poor man' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked sister Mary.

"The clerk at the store opposite," was the reply.

"He is a wicked young fellow for making this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise.—"Haven't you got any Russia, then?"

"My name is Jerushia, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler, "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Rushia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the door without a word of explanation, and made directly for our store.

"You young scamp!" said he, as he entered, "what do you mean by sending me over there to buy Russia?"

"I did not send you to buy Rushia. I supposed you were either a bachelor or a widower, and wanted to marry Rushia," I replied, with a serious countenance.

"You lie, you dog, and you know it," he replied; "but never mind, I'll pay you off for this some day."

And taking his furs, he departed, less ill-humored than could have been expected under the circumstances.

☞ "Who is that lovely girl?" said the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied Grant. "I should often be intoxicated, could I place such a glass to my lips," said Norbury.

HIFALLUTIN.

Perhaps the following may not amuse either yourselves or your readers, but it did me. In our drug store I have a fellow-clerk, somewhat celebrated among his acquaintances as a concocter of puns and the utterer of dry jokes. He is a boyish-looking youth, and officiates, when his services are required, behind the soda fountain. A few mornings since, a fashionably dressed, poetical-looking young gentleman entered, and seating himself on a stool in front of the counter, in a choice selection of terms, requested the clerk to prepare him a seidlitz powder. The following conversation, ridiculous in its earnestness, resulted:

Clerk—With syrup?

Customer—(slowly and methodically)—I require it not as a refreshment. If the syrup vitiate not the effect of the compound, you may mingle with it such an amount of the substance as will render the potation palatable. Or, to be better understood—

Clerk—(interrupting)—I comprehend you perfectly. Permit me to assure you that the tendency of the syrup will be rather to enhance than diminish the purgative virtues of the drug.

Customer—(indignant at observing that his style is affected by the other)—Then proceed, miracle of medical literature and wisdom!

Clerk—With dispatch, confounder of fools.

Customer—Then, if not struck motionless, use haste.

All this was so quietly, so politely said, that, although amused beyond expression at the conversation, I stared in wonder at the parties. The clerk evidently felt cut at the last remark of the other, but mixed the powder, which the stranger triumphantly swallowed, paid for, and started to leave the store, when—

Clerk—Should you feel any uneasiness in the region of the stomach within the period of fifteen minutes, illustrious patron, attribute the cause to the accidental introduction into the draught you have just taken of some drug of vigorous effect and painful consequence.

Customer—(A trifle frightened)—If I do, blame you, I'll break your head!

Clerk—I thought I'd bring you down to plain English; but I guess you'll find the powder all right.—[*Exit customer, with coat tail standing straight out.*]

A KNOWING "COURT."—An anecdote is related of a court held in a village not a thousand miles from here, during the past year, which we regard as one of the richest of its line of any that has been recorded, and give it to our readers, as nearly as we can recollect it.

The case on trial was for the sale of liquor. The principal witness was singularly obtuse; and though confessing to have made a purchase, could not for the life of him tell what the article was. The most ingenious questioning would not bring it out. At last the attorney asked him,

"How did it taste?"

"I don't know!" replied witness.

Here "the court" interposed, alleging that to be an improper question, and inquired of the attorney why he put such an interrogatory.

"Well, your honor," replied the attorney, "I was unable to make the witness tell what kind of liquor he bought; but I thought if he would tell how it tasted, *the court might be able to determine for itself!*"

The hit was too palpable; and not even the solemnity of the place or the cause, was sufficient to repress the mirth of the audience.

A GOOD STORY.—An anecdote worth laughing over, is told of a man who had an "infirmity," as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal; and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a cod-fish up under his coat-tail. But the garments were too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. merchant, I have traded with you a good deal, and have paid you up promptly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," said the merchant, "I make no complaint."

"Well," says the customer, "I always insisted that honesty is the best policy, and the best rule to live by, and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend; speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a *longer* coat, or steal a *shorter* cod-fish."

SHARP YOUNG LADY.—A clerical friend, while visiting us a few days since, related the following anecdote of Rev. Jedediah Burchard, a revival preacher, which is "too good to be lost." Burchard was hammering away at the sinners in the town of Orwell, in Vermont, and as usual made more converts than he did Christians. A certain young lady was a regular attendant upon his ministrations, but stoutly resisted his most seductive eloquence. Meeting her one morning in the hotel, he approached her with the salutation—

"Good morning, thou child of the devil!"

"Good morning, *father*," she replied.

It is needless to say that the bystanders relished the retort. Burchard took it in good part, and laughed long and heartily.

WORDS OF LEARNED LENGTH.—The number of words in the English language exceeding six syllables in length is very small. "Honorificabilitudinity," which is to be found in an old dictionary, is the only English (?) word of eleven syllables that has ever come under my notice. In other languages still longer words are to be found. "Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burionagonatotorecagogeazcoecha," was the name of a person employed in the Finance Department of Spain a few years ago. He ought to have been appointed superintendent of "Kaminagadeyathoorooeoomokanoogonagira," or of "Arademaravasadeloovaradooyon," two estates in the East Indies, respecting which a law suit was pending in the English courts while he was administering Spanish finances.

☞ What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think.—*Emerson.*

THE CITIZEN IN THE COUNTRY.

MRS. TOSOS.—"Lor, Adolphus! How beautiful those beans smell!"

ADOLPHUS (*probably in the hair-cutting line*).—"They do indeed, my love! They remind one of the most delicious 'air oil!"

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

TAN BARK FOR POTATOES.—This subject is brought before the farmers of England, by a communication in the Mark Lane Express. Mr. R. B. Bamford claims thirty-five years' practice and experience in this matter; and has issued a pamphlet giving his method of using it, which in brief is the following:—He does not cut his potatoes for setting, but sets them whole, and the largest he can select. The rows are thirty inches apart, and the potatoes are put nine inches from each other in the row. The land is ploughed only eight inches deep: he treads the manure firmly in the furrows, puts in the tubers, and covers them in with tan refuse, nine inches deep, instead of earthing up. In this way he reports that in 1857 he raised 675 bushels of potatoes—not a rotten one among them,—to the acre, with nothing but waste tan as a covering. This is of great importance, the tan refuse being of little or no value, and if it can be put to so important and advantageous a use as in this case, it should be widely known and practised.

HOW TO USE GUANO.—The London Mark Lane Express says:—

"First.—Never mix guano with anything; all lime, compost, ashes and similar expedients, too often contain caustic alkali to drive off the ammoniacal parts before the soil can surround and absorb them.

"Second.—Mix it as much as possible with the soil, not too deeply, but plough it in after sowing it broadcast.

"Third.—If applied as a top-dressing—which is rarely advisable—always apply it, if possible, before rain, or when snow is on the ground; and if on arable land, harrow, hoe or scuffle immediately after the operation.

"Fourth.—For speedy and powerful operation, apply on limited surfaces dissolved in water.

"Fifth.—If sowed with drilled grain, or, indeed, with any seed whatever, it should never come in contact.

"Lastly.—Be sure to get, if possible, *the genuine article*, and use per acre, from two to three hundred pounds!"

POTATOES.—The Agricultural Society have just published a prize essay on the potato-disease, from which we quote a passage for the notice of those whom it may concern. The author, Dr. Lang, says "The disease is of a fungoid nature, increased in virulency by atmospheric causes. That all manures are injurious, saving only lime and salt. That the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively grown. The earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

TO BREAK DOWN MILK.—When a boy, my business was to suckle the calves, night and morning. I noticed, after the calves were of some size, and when first admitted to the cows, and after, when the milk was nearly exhausted, particularly if the supply was scant, they made a most vigorous butting of the cows' bags, causing them to kick about lustily." From this he took the hint, and has never failed, by a judicious use of his fists, to bring the milk speedily down from the most obstinate holders up.

NEW KIND OF CATTLE FOOD.—The English beef breeders are always on the lookout for cheap and nutritious feed for their stock. They use up everything that they can grow at home, and import millions of tons of different kinds of feed to supply the deficiency. More than 100,000 tons of oil cake are imported annually into the island, the greater part of which is obtained in the United States. The London Farmer's Magazine gives an account of a new species of cattle food which is beginning to be imported in large quantities, and used by the farmers. It is called the "Locust," or locust beans. It is the fruit of the locust tree (*Ceratonia Siliqua*) which grows in Spain and South of Europe. It states that in Sicily the quantity gathered amounts to eleven or twelve thousand tons in a year. They have long been used as cattle food in Spain, and are even relished by the inhabitants when fresh and ripe, from the sweet pulp they contain. According to careful analysis these Carole of Locust beans give 65 per cent. of sugar and gum, and about 25 per cent. of nutritious vegetable matter.

STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—A. G. Webster, of Union Mills, Ind., states that after having tried a number of remedies to no effect, and having lost several sheep, he has since cured those of his flock who have been affected with this disease, by giving them red pepper tea. Take two or three pods, put them with water and steep, and when cool, give two doses a day, if the first does not afford relief.—*Country Gentleman.*

CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.—We clip the following from the Boston Journal:—"A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheep skins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us, is better than anything else."

HOW TO SHEAR SHEEP.

Have a stool just knee-high to the operator, 18 inches square, of soft wood planed smooth, or covered—a dry goods box that height will answer. Place your right foot on the stool, set your sheep so that his back will rest against your right thigh, with your right arm forward of his fore-legs; commence at the brisket, with your shears across the sheep, shear the belly, quite down, trimming the tags, &c. The belly wool must be laid aside to be done up with the fleece—that done, place your left foot on the stool, with the left side of the sheep resting on your left leg, back to you; commence at the point of the right shoulder, and with a curve backwards, open the wool with the shears to the back of the neck, nearly, and ending at the back of the right ear. Shear the shoulder and the neck lengthwise, and forward to the under side of the neck. As the operation progresses, turn the sheep gradually to the right, till the back rests on your thigh, with the right side to you, shear around the neck, (lengthwise,) and down on the left leg and shoulder, (the neck being the first finished,) then downward along the side, hind leg, and ham, then lengthwise upward and backward till the backbone or spine is passed a little. Now gather the fleece, holding it against the back and unsheared side, turn the sheep on his haunch bones, as on a pivot, to the right, place your right foot on the stool, resting the left side of the sheep against you, with its back on your right thigh, shear down the right thigh and ham, which finishes the operation. In this way you roll the sheep out of his fleece, rolling the sheep to the right and the fleece to the left.

I think there are important advantages in this method. Sheep require an easy position, or they will be restless and often unmanageable. No position is more uncomfortable to a sheep than flat on his side, and none easier than the sitting posture—though kept on end during the whole shearing. The position is changed often enough to keep the sheep from being restless; for you are turning him nearly all the time to the right—he wants no holding, his feet or legs should never be touched, and he will scarcely ever move them—if he does, he cannot touch the fleece—that is all the time out of the way of his feet, to the left. If handled gently, and not kept *too long on the stool*, he seems to enjoy the luxury of being divested of his fleece in warm weather. The lower point of the shears should be levelled a *little*, so that they will run easily over the skin without catching, and the wool should never be pulled, for the skin is raised with it. To smooth wrinkles, draw the skin with the left hand. Gentleness will make the sheep lie quiet. Finally, why not suppose this the ancient mode of shearing? I never was so fully convinced of the aptness and force of the passage "as a sheep *before* her shearers is dumb," than when watching the motions of Mr. B., while shearing our sheep.—S. S. BATES, *in Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Our passions are like convulsion-fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us the weaker ever after.—*Pope.*

GAPES IN POULTRY.—There is more difficulty in giving the origin of this disorder than there is in describing it. It is caused by the presence of very small red worms in the windpipe, at the extremity of it. They are active, wiry little creatures, and it is in the vain hope of getting rid of them, and the tickling they cause, that the fowl gapes. There is little doubt in the minds of many people who are able to form a correct judgment, that the disease is contracted from bad water. There are two reasons for this opinion—first, that it never exists where fowls drink from running streams; next, that it is asserted from microscopic observation, that the worm is identical with that which is found at the bottom of tubs and other wooden vessels where water remains stagnant. The treatment by a doubled horse hair is correct; but a better plan is to strip a tail feather within an inch of the end, and to dip it in turpentine, then to introduce it into the windpipe, and twist it sharply round several times. The worms will be found entangled in the feather. The advantage of the turpentine is, that it kills those the feather does not remove.—This remedy only fails when the feather is put down the gullet instead of the windpipe. As the gapes speedily depress and waste chickens, it is always well, after they have been subjected to the operation of removing the worms, to give them a stimulant for a day or two, and nothing is so effectual or so easy as stale bread soaked in strong beer; under the influence of it they cough up the dead worms. The preventive is, clean, cool spring water in zinc, iron or earthenware vessels, but not wooden, and the water with which they are supplied should be fresh from a spring or well, but not from ponds or from vessels filled by rain falling from roofs of houses. We write from experience; we lost many chickens where a man persisted in using rain-water, and none where it was drawn from a deep well.—*Corres. London Gardener's Chronicle.*

VALUE OF THE EARTH-WORM.—The new edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica speaking of the earth-worm, remarks:—Though apt to be despised and trodden on, it is really a useful creature in its way. Mr. Knapp describes it as the natural manurer of the soil, consuming on the surface the softer parts of decayed vegetable matters, and conveying downwards the more woody fibres, which there moulder and fertilize. They perforate the earth in all directions, thus rendering it permeable by air and water, both indispensable to vegetable life. According to Mr. Darwin's mode of expression, they give a kind of under-tillage to the land, performing the same below ground that the spade does above for the garden, and the plough for arable soil. It is, in consequence, chiefly by the natural operations of worms that fields, which have been overspread with lime, burnt marl, or cinders, become in process of time covered by a finely divided soil, fitted for the support of vegetation. This result, though usually attributed by farmers to the "working down" of these materials, is really due to the action of earth-worms, as may be seen in the innumerable *casts* of which the initial soil consists. These are obviously produced by the digestive proceedings of the worms, which take into their intestinal canal a large quantity of the soil in which they feed and burrow, and then reject it in the form of these so-called casts. "In this manner," says Mr. Darwin, "a field manured with marl, has been covered, in the course of eighty years, with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness."

Useful Receipts.

LUSTROUS STARCH.—Take one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax; melt into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.—*Rural New Yorker.*

DROP CAKES.—One quart of flour, two eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream tartar. Stir butter and sugar together, add the eggs, put the cream tartar into the flour, dissolve the soda in a little milk, pour in milk enough to make as stiff as pound cake. Put in the soda the last thing. Bake in cups or muffin rings set on a tin sheet.

TO REMOVE A CRYSTAL STOPPER FROM A DECANTER.—Drop a little oil with a feather between the stopper and neck of the decanter, holding it near the fire, and working the stopper about, or at least endeavoring to do so. This plan is sure to succeed, with perseverance.

TOMATO WINE.—Superior wine is said to be made from the tomato, with no other ingredients than the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, which very much resembles Champagne, and has a light transparent color, with a pleasant brisk flavor.

METHOD OF RESTORING FADED FLOWERS.—Place the flower in a small empty tea-cup or scent-bottle. Half fill a saucer with water, in the centre of which place the cup or bottle containing the flower, over which invert a tumbler the top of which rests in the water, covering the flower in the cup and excluding the air. The effect is surprising; in a short time the faded flower will revive, the color return into the petals, which quickly expand, and the scent returns as powerfully as when the flower is first plucked. Care should be taken that the flower does not come in contact with the sides or bottom of the inverted tumbler. I have supplied a method the surprising efficacy of which any one can prove. A wiser head than mine can perhaps supply me with the cause of this effect.—FLORA, *in London Field.*

TOMATO CATSUP.—The Columbus (Geo.) Sun gives the following, as the best receipt for making tomato catsup:—To a half bushel of skinned tomatoes, add one quart of good vinegar; one pound of salt; quarter of a pound of black pepper; two ounces of African cayenne; quarter of a pound of allspice; one ounce of cloves; three boxes of mustard; twenty cloves of garlic; six good onions; two pounds brown sugar, and one handful of peach leaves. Boil this mass for three hours, constantly stirring it to keep it from burning. When cool, strain it through a fine seive, or a coarse cloth, and bottle it for future use. It will improve by age, and create and give zest to appetite, almost under the "ribe of death."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 12, 27, 35, 13, was a Scotch historian and writer.

My 29, 18, 6, 33, was a distinguished statesman and orator.

My 13, 2, 45, 40, 31, was an eminent German critic and scholar.

My 38, 21, 44, 13, 34, was a renowned Swiss mathematician.

My 17, 9, 40, 40, 4, 38, 27, 22, was a Swedish botanist.

My 5, 38, 8, 15, 16, 23, 39, 41, 22, was an Egyptian hero and conqueror.

My 26, 39, 29, 12, 13, 27, 28, was the "Father of Poetry."

My 1, 10, 16, 2, 22, was a Hebrew lawgiver.

My 5, 7, 14, 28, 30, 40, was a Judge of Israel.

My 25, 28, 43, 41, 8, 12, was the greatest of prophetical writers.

My 12, 18, 39, 33, 37, 25, 3, 21, 22, was a Grecian historian.

My 16, 17, 20, 44, 27, 28, 11, was a Roman historian.

My 17, 38, 24, 42, 27, 19, 21, 18, 7, 40, was a famous Carthagenian.

My 38, 22, 5, 9, 43, 40, was the "Caledonian Bard."

My 7, 20, 34, 39, 38, 37, was a Saxon King.

My whole was an Italian poet. CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 6, 12, 22, 5, is a chain of mountains in South America.

My 11, 7, 8, 12, 10, 6, is one of the largest and richest cities in the world.

My 4, 24, 15, 4, 1, 14, is one of the prophets.

My 5, 7, 16, 16, 6, is one of the seven sages of Greece.

My 12, 4, 12, 7, founded Carthage.

My 21, 14, 22, 13, 19, 5, is one of the asteroids.

My 9, 15, 6, 17, 22, 24, is a celebrated river in Asia.

My 22, 1, 23, 8, 14, is one of the planets.

My 1, 8, 14, 22, 6, 5, is the capital of Greece.

My 22, 5, 16, 14, 22, 23, is a book in the Bible that does not contain the name of God.

My 20, 14, 15, 5, 4, 1, is one of the asteroids.

My 15, 23, 19, 5, 21, 10, 13, 2, 22, was a Greek philosopher.

My 10, 23, 19, 7, 5, is a beautiful constellation.

My 9, 22, 7, 23, 17, 4, 1, is one of the Southern States.

My 6, 7, 23, 16, 14, is one of the points of the compass.

My whole is an old but true saying.

Warren Co., Miss. H. A. L.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.

My 21, 33, 9, 26, is synonymous with slave.

My 5, 25, 19, 31, 34, 30, 27, 2, 1, 6, 29, 30, 33, was a French monarch, who was driven from his throne.

My 3, 23, 20, is a tree.

My 7, 4, 12, 22, 15, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 4, 7, 17, 28, 35, 34, is the title of a well known fairy tale.

My 18, 12, 32, 10, 27, 8, 20, is an animal.

My whole is a Constitutional guarantee.

Cincinnati, O. CLIFFORD J. RANDOLPH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you know aught of geography,
My first you will very readily see
At the head of the Susquehanna.

My second's an article very small,
And it was present at the fall
Of the shower of heavenly manna.

My third is the leading spirit of rum;
Deprived of it, you would say "um!
Rum can't be rum without it."

About my fourth I can hardly say;
It's as much like my second as day is like day;
You surely will not doubt it.

My fifth is seen in each happy home;
You will see it twice if ever you come
To Philadelphia city.

A name of sweet sound, my whole, you'll admit;
You'll find it often in Holy Writ,
And I know one who answers to it.—
Young is she and pretty.

GAHMEW.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rap then.	Koy Men.	The plane.	Sore H.
See awl.	Crone on.	Barb it.	Toga.
Hear.	Rap it.	Arm Tom.	Per load.

Chillicothe. J. H. HOOD.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a boiler 24 feet long and 40 inches in diameter, which has 2 flues running the whole length, 14 inches in diameter—placed within two inches from the bottom of the boiler. Now, supposing the water is 14 inches deep (which would bring it within 2 inches from the top of the flues), how many gallons of water would there be in the boiler? C. B. COTHELL.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a wall like a fish? Ans.—When it is scaled.

☞ Why is the letter U the gayest of the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is always in fun.

☞ Why is flat champagne like an orphan? Ans.—Because it has no pop.

☞ A FRENCH CONUNDRUM.—Why is Albion like a celebrated ancient statue of Minerva? Ans.—Because it is *per Phidias!*

☞ What is the difference between the *bark* of a tree and the *bark* of a dog? Ans.—One is formed on the *bough*, and the other of the *bow wow*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—A nimble sixpence is better than a slow shilling. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The River St. Lawrence is the outlet of Lake Ontario. HISTORICAL ENIGMA—"They that seek me early shall find me." CHARADE—Moosehead. RIDDLE—Shadow. CHARADE—Friendship. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—A received $ 11-16 cents per pound—$30 09¼. B received $ 11-16 cents per pound—$19.90¼.